The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 168. WEEK ENDING JAN. 20TH, 1912. ONE PENNY.

French, German, or Spanish by Post for a Penny a Day.

For more than 30 years Mr. HUGO and his Staff have been teaching Languages and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. His new Self-Tuition Course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL, and to teach that thoroughly. This Course gives a practical mastery of the important part of the language in an incredibly short time.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK

FRENCH, GERMAN, or SPANISH?

IT IS SO EASY IF YOU TAKE

HUGO'S 1912 SELF-TUITION COURSE BY POST.

2s. 6d. *MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR*

Is not an expensive way of acquiring a foreign language.

For this 30/- (Ten per cent. discount for cash) **you at present get:**

1. Fifty Self-Tuition Lessons, sent post free to any address in the world, in weekly booklets of 16 pages each.
2. A collection of copyright practice-tables.
3. Six class lessons of one hour each, or six private lessons of twenty minutes each, orally or by post.
4. A set of Hugo's unequalled Text-Books—value of French Books, 15s.; of the German or Spanish, 10s. This set, which comprises Hugo's well-known Commercial Correspondents, Readers, Composition and Idiom Books, etc., etc., is supplied in ADDITION to the fifty booklets.

THIS COURSE IS A NOVEL, INTERESTING, AND SIMPLE METHOD. NO LEARNING BY HEART REQUIRED. FLUENCY IS INSENSIBLY AND QUICKLY ACQUIRED FROM THE PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION GIVEN.

HUGO'S COPYRIGHT PRACTICE TABLES and BOOKLETS enable Students to begin to SPEAK and WRITE FRENCH, GERMAN, or SPANISH in simple language from the very first lesson.

Write for full Prospectus. Specimen Lesson free to all mentioning THE MODERN MAN when inquiring.

LESSONS IN FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN, &c.

SPECIAL DAY CLASSES, 6s. 6d. Monthly. EVENING CLASSES, 4s. Monthly.

PRIVATE LESSONS from 3s. per Hour.

Books Included. *Native Teachers.* *Coaching for Naval and Military Examinations.*

HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE. (Established 1875.)

33, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.; 64-66, OXFORD STREET, W.; 205, EARL'S COURT ROAD, S.W.

Address for Self-Tuition inquiries: 33, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns: neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Another McKinley bargain! The new "Derby" mackintosh for winter wear. Made from special heavy-weight water-proof coating of excellent quality, and cut in latest style. Well worth 25s. Our price 18s. 6d.; carriage paid. Ready for service, in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned if you are not satisfied.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Evening Dress, fit 5ft. 10in., chest 35in.; 19s. 6d.—Lomax, 3, Joseph Street, Darwen.

SPORTS & PASTIMES.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, 193, Regent Street, (Dept. M.M.), London.

Brand new 1911 English £9 9s. Special Constabulary Cycle, unused, £6 10s.—Box 4638, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT & WANTED.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's Advertisement, page 530.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

A better position is waiting for you. Let us tell you about it. Advice and prospectus free.—British Correspondence College, 18, Progress House, City Road, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post-free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

..... Cut here .....

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 535.

Cut here

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

Free Shorthand Lessons.—For 1d. stamp we send first lesson of our Sloan-Duployan course and particulars.—M., Liverpool Correspondence School, 37, Moorfields, Liverpool.

Three handsomely bound volumes of Harmsworth Natural History; 25s. cash, genuine bargain; or exchange invited.—Box 4649, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

PHYSICAL CULTURE, &c.

Physical Culture. — Perfect health, enormous strength. Celebrated two guinea physical development course; magnificent, symmetrical development guaranteed. Photographic illustrations; anatomical charts. Valuable medal; 3s. 6d.—Milo, Hollyhocks, Westholm, Letchworth.

Height Increased.—Results guaranteed under the "Vertebra" method. Full particulars free; send now.—Futty, 69, Chiltern Street, Hull.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Exceptional money-making opportunity. Send postcard immediately for full particulars of this novel scheme.—Green, 54, Humber Street East, Hull.

MEDICAL, &c.

Colds vanish with Old Family Remedy. Prescription 6d. — Wright, Friary Gate, Plymouth.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Rare Chance.—Unique 21s. Safety Razor, with seven blades, heavily nickelled, in leatherette case, lined silk; bargain, 4s. 1d. each, post free; approval willingly.—Box 4594, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English Oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Handsome Pair Horns, rare specimens, beautifully mounted on shield. Will exchange for Bagatelle Table and part cash.—Box 4645, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Employ Yourself. Our book contains 400 Real Trade Secrets and the Know How; 1s. 2d., post paid.—Porrett, Publisher, Limefield, Bury, Lancs.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, American Roll Top Desk; must be in good condition and cheap. Useful exchange, or buy for cash.—Box 4644, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Bargain.—Gentleman's £14 14s. High Armstrong 3-speed, Dunlop tyres, Westwood plated rims, Brooks' saddle, oil bath gearcase, accessories, and Lucas lamp; everything up to date; equal new; accept £5 5s.—Box 4641, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

"Art of Luck," to which "Answers" devoted column, has made thousands lucky—why not you? Send to-day, and watch your income, 1s. 2d. "Art of Getting Rich," companion booklet, 2s. 2d.—Editor, "Talisman," Harrogate.

Mandoline, Case, and Tutor; cost 30s., sell 18s. Practically new; approval; deposit.—W. P. George, 67, Brynhyfryd, Cwmaman, Aberdare.

Bankrupt stock. Limited number Genuine 21s. Gillette pattern Safety Razors, double-edged blade, Sheffield made, heavily electroplated. In box complete, 2s. 6d., post free. — Box 4650, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Furniture Cleaner, Reviver, and Polisher; contains no wax, excellent results; 1s. P.O. for recipe.—Box 4648, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Enjoy the long winter evenings playing "Puppet Peers," the new card games, for 2 to 7 players. Humorous, scientific, and amusing. Endless fun. 1s. 3d., post free.—Publishers, 551, County Road, Liverpool.

The Modern Man

EDITORIAL OFFICES:—Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Telephone, Gerrard 2979.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street. London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8/8; for six months, 4/4; for three months, 2/2. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider contributions, and to pay immediately on acceptance for those which prove suitable. All contributions must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

CHEEK.

Can cats see ghosts?" asks a writer in all seriousness. I asked my own domestic feline if *he* could; and the cat (some of whose aspirates, I fear, are missing), simply answered, "Me? 'Ow?"

* * *

Mr. Harry Lauder was buffeted about by a gale on the Clyde not long ago. He would have preferred the usual storm—of applause.

* * *

What does Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith?

* * *

A new book is called "The Challenge." Is it one to be thrown down?

* * *

No, Enquiring Would-be Contributor, when editors allude to a "striking article," they are not always talking about their heavy ruler.

* * *

A screaming headline reads: "A Nottingham Scandal. Long Row on a Sunday Night." How very dreadful! Even a short row would have been bad enough!

* * *

Where does Sir Oliver Lodge?

* * *

Says a writer, "I love a good, plain speaker." Is this his timid way of declaring a passion for Mrs. P—nkh—st?

* * *

A horse called "Fort" is now on the top of his form. He can thus safely be said to be going "great guns."

* * *

This may be Leap Year, but wise bachelors say they refuse to be caught on the hop.

* * *

Even a dull man can succeed sometimes, if he looks sharp.

* * *

Dear old Mrs. Footler says she supposes those "Spring Handicaps" are races in which the horses are said to "jump off."

* * *

The name-part of a forthcoming play is "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl." A lady with a detachable complexion, eh?

* * *

I wonder if a certain eminent divine will try to ban the forthcoming production of Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth" because there is a dog called "Boxer" in it?

* * *

Why was it that Mr. Bertie Crewe?

* * *

"The Final Rugby Trial" you speak about, Cuthbert, takes place when the whistle goes for "No-Side" just as some unfortunate man has got a chance of scoring.

* * *

"Golf Notes," runs a Sunday paper headline. As far as my experience tells me, they are notes of exclamation generally.

J. S. Cox.

WHY HE RAN

Mr. Starr Wood, the well-known humorous artist, does not hold any athletic championships that we are aware of, but on one occasion he ran very fast indeed.

As a young man he was employed by a debt-collecting agency, and one day he had been down in Whitechapel on business, when he came upon the scene of a Jack the Ripper murder just after it had been discovered.

A huge crowd quickly assembled; Mr. Wood was carrying a small black handbag, and someone raised the cry that he was Jack the Ripper. The crowd took it up, and Mr. Wood ran as he had never run before and has never run since.

THE WALKER'S TENDON.

It is only when you take part in a walking race that you become conscious of the presence of your Achilles tendon, and you only begin to know it after the first half-mile or so. It is then that the tendon between the heel and the calf begins to pain you, if you are walking in good style, swinging from the hips, with both feet moving along the same straight line.

An amateur will often be as good as a pro. up to the first half-mile, and then the pro. will go right away. This is because his Achilles tendon is better trained.

STEADYING A HORSE.

In the Army they have a somewhat harsh but thoroughly effective way of curing a horse which will not stand still while being mounted.

A rope or stout cord is tied round the horse's upper lip with a slip knot, so as to form a twitch, the rope passing up his face and over his poll to the hand of the man who is trying to ride him.

As soon as the rider raises his foot to place it in the stirrup, the horse becomes restive; the rider then says "Steady!" at the same time jerking the rope which he holds in his hand.

The horse very soon associates the word "steady" with the pain of the twitch, and after a few times the word alone is required to make him stand perfectly still.

BRAINS *v.* BRAWN IN BOXING.

The recent victory of Bombardier Billy Wells over Fred Storbeck, the heavy-weight champion of South Africa, is another demonstration of the boxing maxim that brains are usually preferable to mere muscle.

Physically, the Colonial is far more powerful-looking than the Bombardier; and in the early stages of the contest it seemed as though brawn were going to win, but this was simply because the brains were not being properly used.

Wells was not fighting by any means as scientifically as he knew how. So he let Storbeck get in a lot of punches which he ought to have guarded and returned with interest. Something pulled him together in the end, however, and, boxing almost faultlessly, he stalled off the South African with straight lefts, and, tired as he was, at last knocked him out.

MR. WASON'S MISTAKE.

The Right Hon. Eugene Wason, P.C., M.P., has the singular record of having been struck off the rolls as a solicitor and disbarred as a barrister.

It is very necessary to add that in each case his name was removed at his own request, the explanation being that he was first a barrister, then a solicitor, and then became a Member of the Bar again.

While he was a solicitor Mr. Wason had for a long time been vainly trying to lay a certain rascal by the heels. One day as he was returning from business, he saw his "man" just ahead of him lighting a cigar. A four-wheeler was passing; Mr. Wason signalled to it to draw up, pounced on his prey, and, being a man of great strength and stature, bundled him into the cab, and shouted to the driver to make for the nearest police-station.

The captive kept demanding to know the meaning of this "outrage," but Mr. Wason maintained a tight hold of him and told him to save his breath.

When, however, they reached the light of the police-station, he found to his horror that he had made a mistake and got the wrong man.

Fortunately the victim was willing to accept an abject apology, otherwise there would have been actions for assault, false imprisonment, and goodness knows what else.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SAD THOMAS

By SYDNEY NORTH.

Drear are our winter nights in the lone village street, and if there is a droop to a man's mouth, a stolid uninterest in his eye, at this season when the days are showing little sign that they are wearing spring-ward, is it a thing at which to wonder?

In King's Norton perhaps the cheeriest light is shown through the red-stuff blinds of the Queen's Head Inn. It must add much trade to the house. What wayfarer on the cold night, in prospect of walking miles on, can resist the warmth and the good things suggested by that beckoning red?

Yet there was, once on a time, in the dim yesterday or years ago that are as one in peaceful, never-changing, King's Norton, a man who passed always by the lights—who passes now.

Every night we would hear him walk by. All knew that measured tread and the length of time between the setting-down of one great foot after another on the water-logged, slushy road.

"Sad Thomas!" Farmer Hoffer would say, and then the footsteps swung away into the wind, and all outside was naught but drip—drip—drip.

Sad Thomas . . . . can I show him to you? Hulking, big, coarse, corduroyed, straw-haired, light-bearded, yet withal a wonderful, a majestic face—this labourer on the land.

There is no harder worker on the farm of Worplesdon, of the Lone Barn. A mile out of the village his home stands, and his mother is mistress of it. Sad Thomas is forty, and yet he has no wife.

A steady man, he is also the best of men. There is none braver than he who knows fear yet faces danger. There is no finer character than the man predisposed to the loose life who yet leads the steady one.

On his way home o' nights, when the moon is out, over the fields to the left he must surely see the wooded land that screens the great Hall of Saes from view; and if the law took cognisance of those who, as the barn-stormers who visit our village school say, are "wed in the sight of heaven," there would be Sad Thomas, his beard trimmed, his corduroys changed for a suit of fine broadcloth, his hands less worn, his great fingers well-fitted to wear the heavy signet-ring that descends to the first-born of the Lords of Saes.

A night is minded in King's Norton—a night many years ago.

Sad Thomas was a young man, fine, straight-featured, and of such a build that even those who would dared not speak in slighting tones of his mother. Though such glories as were answerable for it were past then, she had tumbled, her prettiness and all, into the arms of the man who became in due time the Lord of Saes—a fetching bundle, 'tis said.

The night of which they speak in the Queen's Head Inn when the footsteps of Sad Thomas are heard was one of the few occasions when the evening paper, brought from London by Farmer Hoffer, who had business there that day, was eagerly read.

M' lady up at the Hall had been divorced—and all the village, of course, had prophesied it. They had marked her in the hunting-field with the Captain. Every day she had "ridden in his pocket," as the saying is. King's Norton was told by the servants of the Hall that that was the way of the great. It was not fashionable for husbands and wives to be continually in each other's company. There was nothing in m' lady's conduct, said they. But King's Norton dames held that a woman was a woman the world over, and King's Norton, as proved by each word Farmer Hoffer read out that night, was right once again.

As he finished reading the sound of the lord's carriage was heard, and when it stopped it was evident that the travellers were "jangling." Snapping into the old lord's upraiding tones were the pert remarks of his heir—a young man who was understood to lead the gay life in London.

They had pulled up for a lamp, the old lord cursing his servants who ill-served him, his wife who deceived him, and his son who sought to ruin him by his extravagances.

A man of his breeding should have at least held his troubles aloof from the commoners, but in the bar he said it aloud for all men to hear.

"I wish to heaven," said he, "that I had married the village beauty. I would that her son were my lawful heir."

The well-dressed young man made a brilliantly cutting remark regarding his own morals and the right his father had to preach to him—Hoffer refers to it as a "home-ruler."

Lord Saes called to his woodman, who was drinking in the other bar.

The woodman returned a few minutes later with the man who to-day is Sad Thomas to all the village.

"Jump into my carriage," said his lordship. "Instead of this whimpering little beast, I instal you as my own son. Of all that I can disinherit him I will."

"Ye're over twenty years too late," said Thomas.

They walked outside where the carriage stood—but there are sharp ears in King's Norton, and, standing behind the inn door, talk is clearly borne to the listeners.

They tell, anyway, of what passed between the Lord of Saes and his natural son.

You see those two figures silhouetted against the light of the lamp—gesticulating, and while the one urges a reason why they shall drive to the great Hall together, no, says the other. Now there is raving, now pleading.

A gloved hand flung over the countryside tells how they will stop at a certain house and a woman shall be asked if she will agree to atonement being made for the past in the village church—before them all!

But Thomas still shook his head. The moment of madness, he prophesied, would pass. The woman was his charge.

He spoke of her life, and how it was at least peaceful now. He laid a hand on the arm of the Lord of Saes. He led him to the young man who, cox-combishly enough, stood, uncaring, in the bar.

"Look here," said he to father and son, "you must shake."

Perhaps it was a reminiscence of the last visit of the barn-stormers to the school-room up the hill.

"You got over your wild time, m' lord," said Thomas, "You true bred 'uns must go through it. We mongrels——"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Why, we're just the ones there's no right place for," he said.

The fire had died down out of the old lord's eyes. They say he spoke of a new start for his son. They walked out together.

But Thomas brushed past them to open the brougham door.

It is said that the heir of the Lord of Saes put out his hand; but Thomas's was at his cap and his head was bowed.

* * * * * * *

Sometimes, when the heavy footsteps are heard and the company by the good fire in the Queen's Head Inn say "There goes Sad Thomas," a hesitation is noticed in the gait. But the measured, striding, swinging tread resumes.

Sad Thomas has passed on. Even in our company, with his face in man's prime growing more the Saes' face, there is no rightful place for him.

DANGEROUS ICE.

White ice is far more dangerous to skate on than black ice.

The latter is highly elastic, and before breaking will bend and crack, giving the skater plenty of warning, but white ice will break up in a moment, without having held out the slightest danger signal.

If skating on black ice the bearing capacity of which is doubtful, carefully observe any cracks that appear.

Isolated cracks, even if they are right across the ice, are not dangerous, while other cracks at right angles to these are also practically harmless. Diagonal cracks, however, which split the ice up into triangles and through which a little water oozes, the big triangle being broken up again into smaller ones, show that it is high time to make for the shore.

It is folly to run risks. but if you have to skate on thin ice, skate quickly.

OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

So great is the interest at present being taken in football competitions that we have decided to inaugurate one on novel lines for the entertainment of our readers and for the purpose of testing their skill.

To be successful in forecasting the results of matches, one must be well acquainted with the various teams engaged, and also with the factors that make for success in a football match, such as whether a team is playing at home or away. A knowledge of the form and special abilities of the various members of the teams is also very necessary in making such a forecast. Various handbooks are published giving facts regarding the past performances of clubs, but the best guide is the information published in the newspapers as to what clubs have done, or have failed to do, in the present season.

Our competition is an extremely simple one. Our various contemporaries who are running football competitions offer very large sums for the correct forecast of a great number of matches, thus practically making the winning of their prizes impossible. We, on the other hand, have intentionally set our football readers a very simple task, which should not be beyond the ability of every intelligent follower of the game.

As will be observed from our rules, *the prize money will be awarded every week,* no matter whether it be £5 or £500, and whether anyone is absolutely correct or not. We feel that such a course will prove much more satisfactory to competitors than to award a large sum for a complicated solution which is practically impossible of attainment.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THIS COMPETITION.

(1). On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of six teams playing in three matches next Saturday, January 20. Opposite each name fill in the score which you believe that team will make.

(2). In the event of any one of these matches not taking place that match will not be considered in deciding the competition; the forecasts regarding it will be disregarded, and the winners will be selected acording to the forecasts made for the other two matches.

(3). Every first attempt in this Competition must be accompanied by a postal order for sixpence, payable to THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., and crossed "and Co." You may make six further attempts free of charge. Thus if you send seven attempts, one sixpenny postal order will be sufficient. If you desire to send more attempts than seven, you must enclose a further sixpence with every additional seven solutions.

(4). Every forecast must be written on an entry form taken from this page.

(5). Address your letter to "First Football Competition," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

(6). All attempts must reach us on or before the first post on Thursday, January 18. Results will appear in our issue published on January 29.

(7). We are not responsible for any coupons lost in the post or mislaid, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8). We accept no responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.

(9). No correspondence will be entered into in connection with this Competition.

(10). The whole of the prize-money received will be awarded to the competitor who sends us the correct forecast. If more than one competitor does so, the money will be divided. If no one is correct, the prize-money will go to the competitor who has only one error, and if there are more than one with only one error, the prize-money will be divided amongst them; and so on. The money received being paid out every week to the person or persons whose forecasts are correct, or most nearly correct.

(11). Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from competing, as Counsel consider this Competition illegal in Scotland.

(12). The decision published in THE MODERN MAN is final, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

FIRST FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

ENTRY FORM.

Matches to be played on Saturday, January 20. Write *in ink* the scores which you consider will be made by the respective teams.

	Goals.		Goals.
Sheffield United		**v. Bradford City**	
Tottenham Hotspurs		**v. Sunderland**	
Wolverhampton Wanderers		**v. Chelsea**	

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in THE MODERN MAN. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

Number of Postal Order.....

RINGSIDE NOTES.

CURRENT GOSSIP ABOUT BOXERS AND BOXING.

No one is better pleased than the average British boxing audience to see a one-time champion "come back"; and there were scenes of great excitement when Pedlar Palmer met Darkey Haley at the Poplar Hippodrome last week. Some time back the two men met at the Hoxton Baths, when Pedlar Palmer, after leading easily on points for at least eight rounds, went dead weak, and was knocked out in the tenth. Thus a six-round contest was arranged; and on this occasion the ex-champion displayed all his old science and nearly all his pristine quickness, ducking and dodging miraculously, and eventually winning easily on points. All the old 'un wants is to work up a little more strength and stamina, and then we'll see him make many a smart youngster go all the way.

At the Ring last Monday night a certain amount of surprise was aroused by the verdict of a draw, which was returned in the twenty-round contest between "Blink" McClosky and Arthur Harman, of Lambeth. The Lambeth man was looked upon by nearly everybody in the building as leading easily on points; and, indeed, in the eighteenth round had McClosky on the ropes, practically helpless and an easy victim for a knock-out. Harman, however, quixotically stepped back and let his adversary into the middle of the ring again.

In an interesting "contribution" to a contemporary, Gunner Moir hints that he is being "side-stepped" by Wells. He asserts therein that he is anxious to meet Wells, but that the latter is displaying no keenness to take the ring with him. There seems to be more than a little justice in the Gunner's contention. If Wells is so good as he makes out, why on earth doesn't he have a go at the only man who has ever secured a verdict over him? Wells' supporters say it was a fluke. Well, if it was, why doesn't the Bombardier prove it conclusively by meeting Moir again and beating him? In a word, *Is Wells afraid?*

"STRAIGHT LEFT."

TRIALS OF A TRAINER.

A FEW OF THE WORRIES OF A SPORTING CAREER

It is a dull, miserable morning, and as our trainer takes off his streaming mackintosh preparatory to sitting down to breakfast, after having been on the training ground for close on an hour and a half, he is feeling in anything but high spirits. He has witnessed some trials this morning, but his own are just going to start.

The "Calendar" provides him with the first of them, for glancing down the weights for the X-shire Hurdle Handicap Plate, for which he had entered and carefully trained two really promising horses, he notices ruefully that the handicapper has simply "thrown in" one or two others from rival stables, with which, by reason of the weights, his own charges can now have no possible chance.

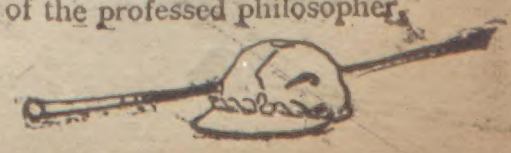
Never mind—he starts his breakfast philosophically, but his eye catches a newspaper report of the previous day's racing at Markham Hunt, wherein it is hinted that it was not his horses' "day out"—in other words, an insinuation that they were not meant to win. Such veiled allusions—very frequently indulged in, by the way—are enough to make any honest trainer's blood boil.

Further to add to his discomfiture, he receives a letter from his employer protesting that proper care had not been given to his horses and hinting that unless one of them wins a race soon they will be sent to another stable.

His temper is not improved by the news that Jack Snipe, the only jockey who could do anything with his bad-tempered candidate for to-morrow's big race, will not be able to ride—and a lad, rushing in excitedly, "puts the lid on it."

Pretty Pansy has been kicked, and her leg is broken—a foal that would have been worth a fortune for the paddocks even if she never went on a racecourse. Is it any wonder that the trainer, strong man as he is, permits himself a gentle swear?

Yet, in spite of all his worries, the face of the trainer is usually more merry than that of the professed philosopher.



OVER THE COALS

THE ART OF GIVING A MAN A DRESSING-DOWN.

It is never pleasant to have to "wig" a man, but naturally it has sometimes to be done by any one in a position of authority.

The Territorial officer who has to haul a man over the coals has a much more trying and delicate task than his brother in the Regulars. In giving the rough edge of his tongue to a subordinate he may be wigging a man who is his boss or superior in civil life.

There are plenty of cases in the Territorial Force of a clerk being an officer and his employer a private under him. Naturally such a situation calls for very tactful handling. The clerk must avoid any appearance of taking advantage of his temporary power, and equally he must not allow the civil relations between him and his subordinate to make him afraid to do his duty.

WITHOUT LEAVING A STING.

There is a considerable art in hauling a man over the coals, and as one who has had great experience of wigging as the "wiggee," I propose to offer a few hints on twisting a man's tail without making an enemy of him.

The first thing is to avoid anything savouring of personal vindictiveness or of self-glorification. Some men, when they get a chance of wigging another, make a personal matter of it, and they seem to say: "Behold, what a great man am I." That attitude makes for black hatred.

After all, even if you are a captain and the other man a private, you are brothers-in-arms, and the accident of your rank gives you no right to treat him as an inferior being.

Your attitude should be that of a man who has a disagreeable duty to perform, and who does it simply and solely because it is his duty. In fact, the time-honoured parental wheeze of "This is going to hurt me more than you" is not a bad one to keep at the back of your head.

HONOUR OF THE REGIMENT.

Remember, too, that a subordinate cannot hit back, or, at least, only at the risk of punishment. To be personally offensive to, or to be "funny" at the expense of, a subordinate is extremely caddish, and will make bad blood sooner than anything else.

Sarcasm is effective with some men, but it is a dangerous weapon, for again it introduces the element of personal spite or of trying to show off.

Perhaps the safest line is to appeal to a man's better feelings—the "honour of the regiment" is generally a trump card if a man has any decent feeling in him—and if he hasn't, it is not worth while wasting breath on him.

Of course much depends on the offence, and the wigging that would meet a case of slackness would not do justice to one of really discreditable conduct.

BACK CHAT.

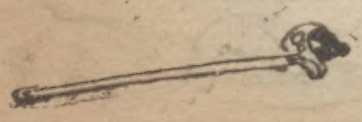
Never allow argument. Either a man deserves a wigging or he does not. In the former case it is for him to take his gruel in silence, and any attempt at argument on his part should be sternly suppressed. If he does not deserve a wigging, then you are to blame for not having made sure of your facts, and are not fit for your position.

My old colonel never said to me "Why did you not do so-and-so?" He said: "You did not do so-and-so, and you are a confounded young scrim-shanker. If you can't do your duty, the sooner you get out of the regiment the better. We've got a reputation to keep up, and we are not going to lose it for your sake, young fellow-me-lad, so put that in your pipe and smoke it, and try not to be such a condemned young ass."

A very good rule is never to reprove a man in the presence of an inferior. To "curse" an officer in the presence of a non-com., or a non-com. when privates are within hearing, is bad form and bad soldiering.

Keep your temper, avoid any suggestion of personal insult, and don't "nag."

"CHINSTRAP."



HUNTING CRIES.

OLD SURVIVORS, BUT STILL THE THING IN THE FIELD.

Every form of the pursuit of wild animals by means of hounds has its own proper series of hunting cries, for use at various stages of the chase.

The correct cry when a fox is viewed is, of course, "Tally-ho!" followed by the shout or rather scream of "Gone away!" when the quarry breaks covert and heads across country for some distant point.

When a hare is put up the cry used is "See-ho!" or "So-ho!"

"Heu gaze!" is the correct thing to shout when an otter is viewed venting or landing; though in the South of England "Tally-ho!" is sometimes used, and in Cumberland "Tow-ho!"

When any of these are finally run into and rolled over by hounds, the shout at the death of the victim takes the form of "Whoo-whoop!"

The old cry when gentlemen and farmers went coursing on their own lands with a single brace of greyhounds was "Halloo! halloo!" when a hare got up. It is one seldom heard in these days of organised coursing meetings.

"Hark cry!" "Hark horn!" and "Hark halloa!" are used for hounds, to get them on either to the rest of the pack, the huntsman, or the spot at which the quarry has been viewed.

"Hold hard!" is employed to arrest the field; "Yoi-over!" to cheer hounds across a ride or a river; "Tally-ho, back!" to get them into cover again; and "Eleu in!" to get them to wind the quarry in an earth, drain, or holt.

"Forrard! forrard! forrard!" and "Come away on!" explain themselves, and are used with all hounds indifferently.

AN INNOCENT PRACTICAL JOKE.

One of the most amusing, and at the same time harmless, practical jokes which you can play either upon your friends or upon strangers is to drop one of our "Nice Place" postcards and wait for them to pick it up. They believe it to be a postcard that someone has dropped while taking to the post, and their expressions when they see they have been "had" are very funny.

Send a large stamped addressed envelope to "Nice Place," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and we shall foward you a supply at once, free of all charge.

Those who have already enjoyed the joke can have some more cards if they wish them.

MR. CHURCHILL'S PLUCK.

HOW THE FIRST LORD RODE TO OMDURMAN

Even Mr. Winston Churchill's bitterest enemies cannot deny that he is a brave man.

During the final advance on Omdurman, Mr. Churchill, who was attached to the 21st Lancers, was left behind in charge of sick horses, the truth being that he had not made himself very popular with his temporary regiment.

He "pulled the strings," however, to such effect that he was given leave to rejoin his regiment if he could catch them up.

The night before the battle a little party of war correspondents, who were some distance from the main body, were preparing to turn in when they heard someone hailing them out of the darkness. They went out and found an exhausted man—Mr. Churchill, of course—on a badly foundered horse. He refused to get off, saying he must reach his regiment.

They told him it was impossible, that the ground he would have to cross was in a terrible state, and that he would certainly break his neck in the dark. Mr. Churchill insisted that he must get on, but even as he spoke he fell, half fainting, from the saddle, and they carried him in.

Then the correspondents found what a pitiable state he was in. His legs had been so galled and chafed by his forced and dangerous ride that his breeches were stiff with clotted blood, and they had literally to cut them off him. With the first glint of dawn he was up and away in a borrowed pair of breeches and on a borrowed horse, and thus he came to ride in the famous charge of the 21st Lancers.

Mr. Frank Scudamore, who was one of the war correspondents in question, thinks that Mr. Churchill's lonely ride across the desert was one of the pluckiest things ever done.

SWINDLES

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS. By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

1.—The FORTUNE and the FOOL.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

Reformed criminals are not worth a damn a dozen. I am a criminal—unqualified—and I know. A criminal once, a criminal for ever. It isn't so much that the brand of the law is indelible; that society never forgives; and the police never forget—it's in the nature of things, and particularly in the nature of the criminal himself.

I can't commit crime now. I'm worse than "broke to the world" financially—for that condition by itself is an incentive—I'm physically helpless; laid literally on my back; unable even to write these revelations with my own hand. I've found an amanuensis who's willing to set them down at my dictation on my promise to pay him out of what I'm to get for them. Until I handle it myself, I sha'n't know where my next drink is to come from.

I have an idea sometimes that I'm done in at last—at forty, which is a longer run than many criminals live to enjoy. Even if I'm not done in I'm done up, and so circumstanced that, as I said, I have no present opportunity to "commit" crime; but I would if I could. Let there be no mistake about that. I'm not posing as a penitent.

IMPENITENT.

I want it noted that I don't label these revelations "confessions," because that word seems to suggest regret or remorse, or some nonsense of that sort which I don't feel. No doubt my career is full of warnings and moral lessons, but I'm not going to show it up with any thought of doing a bit of good to anyone but myself.

That's enough by way of preamble. Before I shall have finished some of you may have guessed who "Wormwood Portland" really is—or really was, for at the best my day is over.

* * * * * *

It is pleasant to gloat over the recollection of one's first fraud, swindle, or crime—provided always that it came off all right. An especial interest attaches to a first successful enterprise on the crook, for, according to my theory of "once a criminal always a criminal," it is the start that counts most.

SAFE FROM THE LAW.

In the case of my own first "coup," there are other features of particular interest. The thing was a swindle right enough—a swindle pure and simple, but so cleverly conceived and contrived that I had no fear of the law from beginning to end.

Apart altogether from the actual money which I made by it, I am proud still of the originality, the novelty, of the whole thing, and flatter myself that it was an achievement in itself well worth recording, as well as an augury of more sensational achievements to follow. Sensationalism won't be lacking in subsequent revelations if I can touch enough by making them.

A youngster of twenty, I was a lawyer's clerk. The lawyer was old Simon Zebedee—that's near enough—the craftiest and most unscrupulous solicitor who ever wore a gown. I owe much to him in the matter of my early training in the general principles, so to speak, of rascality.

MASTER AND MAN.

I respected old Zebedee for his unconscientiousness, and admired him for the dexterity with which he steered clear of detection. Many men are clever in covering their tracks—Zebedee was too clever to leave any. I was thoroughly well in with him, and always knew what he was up to. I'd been with him already for nearly five years, and young as I was, he was glad to do what he was obliged to in taking me into his confidence.

I had helped him in many a shady transaction—and worse—but, except, of course, prigging the stamps as a boy, and rising from that to cooking the petty cash-book, there was nothing fraudulent standing to my separate credit till my chance came in connection with the will of our client Lady Borrax, who died worth £80,000.

Her heir-at-law was a spendthrift ex-subaltern who had been cashiered out of a line regiment. But at the last moment she had willed every stiver away from this Peveril Borrax, and left the lot to Gordon Borrax, a more distant relative. Peveril was blue with disappointment and mad with rage.

"Nothing can be done," Zebedee told him.

"I drew up the will myself, and I defy anybody to upset it."

"Something must and shall be done," Peveril Borrax almost screamed. "If nobody else can pick a hole in the cursed thing, you must invalidate it yourself. You and I have had dealings before—and you don't stick at trifles, you know, Zebedee. Look here——" and he suddenly calmed down, and spoke more deliberately. I wasn't actually in the room, but all the same I was within hearing. "Look here, if this infernal document is smashed, I simply come into everything—into £80,000—as next-of-kin as a matter of course. That's so, isn't it?"

"It is."

"Then smash it, or get it smashed, and keep ten thousand for yourself."

I knew the governor was shaking his head, but the other persisted.

A BAIT FOR THE LAWYER.

"Undue influence," he urged. "Undue influence, brought to bear on a weak and enfeebled mind."

"The mind of Lady Borrax was clear and strong to the last, and she never came within the sphere of influence of the sole legatee at all. Nothing can be done. You were cut off for good and sufficient reason. . . . . You said ten thousand?"

"I said ten, and I mean ten."

Now I hope the position is too clear to be misunderstood. The disgraced heir-at-law, or next-of-kin, hadn't a leg to stand on. No pretext—not even a quibble—could by any possibility be raised that could give us the ghost of a chance of diverting the £80,000 from Gordon to Peveril by upsetting the will. Zebedee, with his £10,000 at stake, talked the business over with me, and it was wholly in despair and without a shred of hope that he offered: "A thousand for you, Portland, if you can show me the way to the ten."

THE VICTIM'S SPECIAL WEAKNESS.

I did it. The inheritor of £80,000 signed away the lot for £10,000. The cashiered lieutenant got £60,000 clear, and Zebedee his £10,000, less my little lot and all expenses, which included the reward of a fourth party shortly to be mentioned. I've no doubt he got back afterwards more than he ever parted with, on both scores.

The lucky Gordon Borrax was an amiable and affable man, only some five or six years my senior. He talked with me at the office in a very free-and-easy style, besides taking me out once or twice, and I soon summed him up. We all have our weaknesses, and his special weakness was spelt plainly enough by the shape of his lips. A petticoat drew him like a magnet.

A WOMAN ACCOMPLICE.

I thought everything over until I ceased to be dazzled with the brilliance of my own scheme, came to a full understanding with Zebedee, and set to work. The first thing was to fake up an affidavit and (through the solicitor to whom we referred Peveril Borrax) enter a *caveat* to delay the granting of probate. This was easily done, and I secured the time that was of the essence of my plot.

Then I betook myself to Vivie Vallette. Vivie called herself a variety artiste, and she really had been "on." Besides this, she was an actress born—and born great, too, as regarded essentials. As for face, figure, voice, and charm of manner and address—there was only one word for her: she was ravishing. Exactly how she played the part I gave her, I know from herself. She'd been partial to me for some time, had luscious Vivie Vallette. Within a few days of my conversation with her she was installed in a splendid little suite of ornately furnished rooms—a flat near Park Lane.

"Let's see, Vivie," I had said to her; "which is the richest family in all America? Will you be a Rockefeller, a Winans, a Gould, or a Vanderbilt?"

"Aren't the Vanderbilts more numerous than the

others?" Vivie had suggested. "And I remember that one or two of the younger generation really did die. I shall be a Vanderbilt."

So as Mrs. Claudia Vanderbilt my beautiful decoy laid herself out to allure her victim. I had posted her up in the ways and habits of Gordon Borrax, and she knew how to throw herself in his path. He had raised a bit on the fortune he was coming into, and was making a bit of a splash. For instance, he was generally in the Row at the most fashionable hour, riding with the best of them.

By an arrangement to which he was no party, it was in the Row that he first saw Vivie. The livery stable-man with whom I had come to terms had mounted her handsomely, and she rode with the ease and grace of a circus queen—I believe she'd been one once. In all the promenading crowd there wasn't a woman to match her, or come near her.

PLAYING THE FISH.

One look at her crumpled poor Gordon up. How I laugh when I think of it all. For days on end he followed her up without getting a single glance from her, even of disdain; though she took care to give him a chance of seeing a bit more of her. Then one morning for one moment she swept him with her glorious eyes—and nearly unseated him.

After that she made the pace hotter. The very next day she sent him off his chump with joy and longing. She pretended to be slipping from her saddle. He, of course, was riding just behind her. In a flash he was by her side. She had offered him excuse and opportunity, and in taking the opportunity, for a brief, delirious minute he took her, too—in his arms.

To avoid a scene, she cut the incident short, but played up to him while it lasted. She didn't give him her address, but her groom did—for a sovereign—and the next day he called to make inquiries. She saw him, though she snubbed him; and sent him away satisfied that he wouldn't give mortal offence if he repeated his call.

PREPARING FOR THE COUP.

In short, the ice was fairly broken. Living, in a quiet way, as a woman of means—splendidly tailored and becomingly jewelled, for I saw to it that Zebedee didn't stint her—she let him understand that her town establishment was a small one because she preferred it to be small. If she ever did marry again . . . well, it really would not matter whether her husband were rich or poor. The thought of marrying money as well as loveliness may not have increased Gordon's ardour, for that would scarcely have been possible; but it didn't lessen it, and he pressed his suit for all he was worth.

Of course she yielded tactfully, but she did yield. Once engaged, with perfervid heat he implored her to "name the day." The coy Vivie put him off till I deemed it diplomatic to precipitate the crisis, which I led up to by making her impetuous adorer believe that his interests under Lady Borrax's will were in jeopardy. The other side were supporting the *caveat* with unsuspected evidence. To tell him the truth, Mr. Zebedee was very dubious as to the end of it all. Of course, we hoped for the best, but . . . and so on.

THE HUSBAND WHO NEVER WAS.

All this humbug, which only capped the fairy tales with which I'd kept him on the fidget for several weeks, must have added to the joy with which he heard "Claudia's" whispered promise one night, "I will let you know to-morrow."

When the morrow—and Gordon—arrived, she led him to her own boudoir—a *sanctum sanctorum* he had never entered before. Over the mantel hung, in an ebony frame, an elaborately designed In Memoriam card.

"Read that, my Gordon," she said softly—and he read, "In loving memory of Caleb Vanderbilt," followed by the usual particulars. Caleb Vanderbilt! who had died worth such a fabulous lot of dollars. Then!

"Sit down, dear love," she cooed. "What I tell you now I would have told you before, only that I feared lest in your English pride you would make of my wealth a barrier between us—but now I have learned to trust you wholly. I am the widow of poor Caleb Vanderbilt, who, as you have just seen, and no doubt heard at the time, passed away in Los Angeles three years ago. He was very, very rich. Darling, I cannot be worth less than a million pounds in British gold."

"God bless you!" he gasped. "It . . . it . . . doesn't matter a damn—I beg your pardon—I mean that your riches shall never part us."

"But listen. You ask me to marry you at once, Gordon, I . . . I . . . I want to. Stop. My mind is made up. You have spoken once or twice about some contested will, in which you are mentioned for a legacy or something of the sort—£180,000, I think. . . ."

"Eighty thousand, Claudia, darling," he murmured—and she laughed lightly.

SIGNING AWAY HIS FORTUNE.

"It is even smaller than I thought. For a trifling sum like that, I cannot and will not suffer any danger to exist or to arise of our early wedded life together—it might even be our honeymoon—being disturbed by Law Court worries. I must have you all to my own self. I will not share a minute of your time, or a single one of your thoughts, with counsel and judges and other horrors of a lawsuit. You must choose between me and this pending or threatened action, or whatever it is. Bring me proof that you have withdrawn from this case—never mind on what terms—and I and all I have are yours when you like. You can bring the special licence with you, Gordon."

The ink could hardly have been dry on the "proof" an hour—the document bore my signature as a witness—when the defrauded Gordon Borrax reached Vivie's flat with it.

But Vivie had gone. She'd had my wire just before.

[*Another of these revelations will be printed next week.*—EDITOR.]

TRACK RUNNING BEFORE BREAKFAST.

"Should a runner practise before breakfast?" is a vexed question among athletes. Some go for long spins or do a great many sharp bursts of speed on an empty stomach, while others simply potter about, taking fresh air before breakfast.

On the whole, since so many good men have been known to collapse as a result of hard work before the morning meal, it is probably safe to follow the latter course, but by all means take a quick walk to clear the lungs.

FOOTBALL FOOTNOTES.

CHIEFLY ABOUT THE BIG TEAMS AND PLAYERS

The first Saturday of the New Year signalised itself, as far as football is concerned, by providing three games in the First League which had to be abandoned owing to the bad weather. The Second Division and the Southern League, strange to say, did not suffer in this respect.

The First Division fixtures in question were those between Bradford City and Newcastle United at Bradford, between West Bromwich Albion and Tottenham at West Bromwich, in neither of which cases was there any scoring, and the game at Sheffield between the Wednesday and Bury. In the latter there was no play at all, the gates not being opened to the public.

At the moment of writing, Manchester City are lying only two places from the bottom of the First League table, and it will not be surprising to see them in the Second Division next year if they do not show better form than they did in their game with Liverpool at Manchester. To be beaten on their own ground, 3—0, by a team hardly higher on the table than themselves is not a performance likely to increase the confidence of the City's most bigoted supporters.

That Londoners can play in mud and slush as well as the Northern teams was demonstrated at Stamford Bridge, where, in a torrential downpour of rain, Chelsea beat Leeds City by 4—2 before about 6,000 spectators. Accurate play was out of the question on such a ground, but high praise must be given to the Leeds players for a very sturdy and plucky defence under adverse circumstances. Chelsea are now second on the Second League table.

Norwich City are a plucky team, and they well deserved their win at home by 4—3 against Swindon, the Southern League champions. The conditions, of course, were dead against scientific football, but the Norwich men played a bustling game, which was well suited to the occasion. In the Crystal Palace v. Bristol Rovers match at Sydenham, when the home side won by 4—1, it may be noted that Smith, the Palace forward, did the "hat-trick" for the second time since his inclusion in the team.

G. K.

CROSS-KICKS AT RUGBY.

In the North of England, cross-kicking very largely takes the place of dribbling in the Rugby game. You will see forwards kicking the ball just with enough strength to stop between themselves and the next opponent. Then they follow up like lightning to reach it first, before the other can "pick up."

In the same way, they will kick the ball right across the field to some open spot where another of their side can get it.

It is open to question whether this is as safe as dribbling, but when it succeeds it makes for very pretty and interesting play.

THE REVOKE.

Many people do not know how to exact the penalty for the revoke at whist or bridge, the revoke, of course, being failure to follow suit when able to do so.

In case of a revoke, the adversaries may either (a) actually take away three of the opponents' tricks and add them to their own, (b) deduct the value of three tricks from the opponents' score, or (c) add the value of three tricks to their own score.

They cannot, however, split the penalty—i.e., they cannot, for example, add one trick to their score and deduct two tricks from the opponents.

In no circumstances can a revoking side win the game on that deal, even if, after paying the penalty, they make game.

For example, suppose that A and B at whist are four up. They revoke, but score five by tricks, and, therefore, no matter how the penalty is exacted, they are at least two tricks to the good, and ordinarily would be game, but having revoked they remain at four.

GENERAL SIR A. HUNTER.

The man who did the bayonet work in the Sudan was General Sir Archibald Hunter. Kitchener planned and organised, but on Hunter's shoulders, as commander of the Frontier Force, fell the brunt of the fighting.

His great foe was the Emir Mahmud, the Khalifa's right hand man, and many a tussle did they have with honours pretty even.

Mahmud often sent messages to Hunter telling him of the toe roastings and other tortures he had ready for him when he caught him.

At last, however, Mahmud himself was caught and brought before Kitchener a prisoner bound.

"Ho, Mahmud," said Kitchener, "how daredst thou defy the rule of thy lord the Khedive?"

"Ho, Kitchener," retorted Mahmud, "I but obeyed the orders of my master the Khalifa even as thou, Oh Kitchener, must obey the orders of thy master the Khedive."

"Bravo, old chap!" said Hunter, who was standing by. "I'd have said the same myself in your place," and with that he cut Mahmud's bonds, took his old enemy to his tent, and gave him drinks and cigarettes.

SHORTHAND IN QUICK TIME.

A new book, just issued by the Holborn Hall College, gives a striking description of a remarkable method of shorthand writing—the Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" system—from which it is clear that the laborious processes by which our grandfathers acquired dexterity in the art of brief writing are no longer necessary, and that a system adapted to all the requirements of a strenuous present-day business or professional life may now be picked up in a fraction of the time which has hitherto been regarded as essential.

Being divested of the complexities and irregularities of the old-fashioned methods, and written under a few simple yet powerful abbreviating devices, the notes taken in this system are at the same time extremely legible and almost incredibly brief. The out-of-date plan of writing a kind of consonant skeleton for each word is in the New Rapid method entirely abandoned, the vowels being written with the same movement as the consonants with which they are sounded; so that the system is truly a "syllabic" one.

After reading the book and examining the beautiful reproductions of shorthand notes contained therein, it is not surprising to learn that the College guarantees a speed of at least eighty words per minute in one month. We advise all interested in the subject to send for a copy of the book, which is gratis and post free.

HOLDING THE REINS

A LESSON IN MILITARY EQUITATION.

Various methods of holding the reins are practised and advocated by men in the hunting-field and other civilian horsemen, but the military way of holding them is laid down with precision, and it is with the cavalry style only that this article deals.

When riding with two hands on the bridoon or snaffle-rein, one rein in each hand, the following is the method. The hands are held about three inches in front of the body, one on either side of the horse's withers; the back of the hand is turned to the front, with the thumbs uppermost and pointing across the body.

The rein in each case passes between the third and fourth fingers, and across the palms. The loose ends of the reins are thrown across the fore-fingers, and the thumbs are closed upon them.

TWO HANDS ON THE FOUR REINS.

When riding with two hands on all four reins, a bit and a bridoon rein being in each hand, this is the way: The hands are in the same position as with the last hold, being well separated on either side of the horse's withers, with the back of the hand to the front, the wrist bent, the thumbs up and pointing across the body. The bridoon reins pass outside the fourth fingers, and the bit or curb reins pass between the third and fourth fingers, the ends being thrown over the fore-fingers, and the thumbs closed firmly upon them as formerly.

When riding with the left-hand only on the bridoon, the left rein passes outside the fourth finger, and the right rein between the first and second finger, the ends being thrown over the fore-finger and the thumb closed upon them. The back of the hand, as formerly, is turned to the front, the wrist is rounded, and the thumb points across the body to the right.

ALL IN THE LEFT HAND.

When riding with the left hand only on all four reins, the right bit or curb rein pases between the second and third finger; the left bit rein, between the third and fourth; the right bridoon rein between the first and second finger; and the left bridoon rein outside the fourth finger. The ends are thrown over the forefinger, and the thumb is closed on them in such a way as to separate the slack of the bit from the bridoon reins, the bit reins coming uppermost. The position of the hand is as already described.

To lengthen the reins, simply let them slide through the fingers.

To shorten the reins when riding with the left hand only on the reins, grasp the slack of the reins with the right hand, and slide the left hand up the reins. When you wish to shorten them when riding with the reins in two hands, take the slack of the right reins in the left hand, and slide the right hand up the reins; then take the slack of the left reins in the right hand and slide the left hand up.

CHANGING OVER.

When you have been riding with two hands and wish to take the reins in the left hand only, place the second finger of the left hand between the right bit and bridoon reins, the fore-finger of the left hand outside the bridoon rein, when you will have the reins in the correct position for one-handed work.

When riding with one hand, and desiring to take the reins in two hands, place the fourth finger of the right hand between the right bridoon and bit reins, separate the hands, and hold the reins as already described for two-handed work.

The novice will find it easy to acquire proficiency in the correct holds if he will follow these directions out with a couple of lengths of tape, or, better still, with a couple of long leather straps, or an actual set of reins if he can secure them.

Fix the reins to the back of a chair, one pair a few inches lower than the other, to correspond with the positions they would occupy on a bridle, and practise till you can pick up the reins correctly without hesitation.

WM. MORGAN.

SOME TIPS ON BALL-ROOM MANNERS.

In the case of a formal dance invitations are sent out on cards in the third person, the hostess stating that she is " At Home " on such and such an evening, the magic word " Dancing " appearing in one of the bottom corners of the card.

Such an invitation must be answered in the third person—" Mr. John Blank has much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mrs. Robert Dash, for Thursday, Jan. 18 "—and a reply must be sent within two days.

If declining an invitation, it is usual to give a reason—" previous engagement," " ill health," etc.—but it is not absolutely necessary to do so.

Your reply should be addressed to the lady of the house, not to your host.

INFORMAL INVITATIONS.

Invitations to an informal dance are written in the form of a note—" Dear Mr. Blank " and so on—and should be replied to in similar terms.

Evening dress is, of course, essential, but a white waistcoat may be worn. On no account wear a black tie. The fact that you are in mourning is no excuse for doing so, for if you are in mourning you should not go to dances.

A dance is one of the few occasions when it is permissible to retain the glove when shaking hands. You should put on your gloves (white, cream, or lavender, but preferably white) before entering the ball-room.

The ladies of the house must, of course, be saluted first, and should be asked for a dance before anyone else.

Introductions are no longer considered necessary, and you are within your rights in asking any lady to dance. If she gives you one, take her programme, at the same time handing her your own, so that she can write down her name.

WHEN TO WRITE "MR."

In the case of a stranger, do not put your initials, but your full name, prefixing it with " Mr.," or any rank to which you are entitled.

It is for the lady to say when she has had enough of dancing, but it is permissible to ask her whether she would like to stop.

I forgot to say that if introduced to a lady you should not offer to shake hands with her, but merely bow.

If sitting out, it is for the lady to make the return move to the ball-room, but if she shows no signs of doing so and you are engaged for the next dance, you are entitled to rise as soon as the music strikes up, at the same time offering the lady your arm. It is very bad form to keep a partner waiting.

If a lady cuts you out of a dance, you should pretend not to notice that she has done so. It is not good form to make any allusion to her behaviour unless she herself introduces the matter, when you should unreservedly accept any explanation she may give.

REFRESHMENTS.

You should fetch and carry light refreshments—tea, coffee, ices, etc.—to your partner, but in the case of a sit-down supper there is no need for you to play the part of waiter.

If a lady is leaving, you may see her into her carriage. If you do so, remain on the pavement until the carriage has driven away. I mean, don't pop her into her carriage and then bolt back into the house.

It is not necessary to say good-bye to your hostess on leaving unless you happen to run against her.

You must call within a week of the dance, leaving a card for your host as well as your hostess.

Remember that an acquaintanceship made at a dance does not afterwards entitle you to recognition from the lady. If you meet her again you must not attempt to claim acquaintanceship unless she recognises you first.

E. H. HILL.

MY NOTEBOOK.

OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

Our posters this week bear the three words in large type: " Our Football Competition." The fact that it is ours will at once suggest to most of our readers that it is something out of the usual run, and, I trust, something much more acceptable to them than the competitions which are being conducted by our contemporaries.

It is all very well to offer a gigantic sum of money for the accomplishment of an impossible task, but I think that the public have already begun to see that these publishers are playing with them, for what does it matter how large the prize may be if the odds against your winning it are over two millions to one, as is the case in some of these competitions?

The amount of the prize money to be distributed in connection with our competition will depend entirely upon the enthusiasm of our readers. The main thing is that it will all be paid out each week, and that the competition will be conducted with absolute fairness to every reader who decides to test his knowledge of football in this manner.

CASUAL CONVERSE.

The following suggestion made by a reader raises a point of considerable interest.

" The journey I make to and from work each day is a long one," he writes, " and sometimes I get into conversation with fellow-passengers. Sometimes their conversation is interesting and passes the time pleasantly, but last night I had a different experience.

" There was only one other man in the carriage, and I made a remark about the weather. That was quite enough. He started talking politics, and I was stupid enough to let him see that I did not agree with his views, but held the very opposite opinions. From then, till I left the train, he gave me no peace, pushing the old arguments down my throat and talking and talking, till at last tired Nature almost sent me to sleep.

" If I had ever read amongst the useful items of advice which you give that it is inadvisable to converse with casual strangers—a fact which I now know—I should have been saved an unpleasant journey. Perhaps you will give the item the prominence it deserves."

For my own part, I am somewhat inclined to share my reader's views, for in my time I have made many railway journeys, a considerable number of which have been long ones, and I have more than once had occasion to regret that I entered into conversation with strangers. The reason, I think, is that very few men understand the art of casual conversation, and an art it is.

It is just the same when you meet a man at breakfast in an hotel where you may both be staying. Some men will politely wish you a good-morning, and if your answer is a cordial one, they may continue to chat on general subjects, but there are others who, as soon as you give them an opening, desire to know what business has brought you to that town, and all the rest of it.

The tactful man, under such conditions, keeps to more general subjects. He discusses any item of foreign news, such as war, or any political changes that do not involve opinions that might be antagonistic to those of his newly-formed acquaintance, and he discusses other matters of common interest in a general way. He avoids telling you his family history, and inquiring as to yours.

In a word, he regards you and himself as " ships that pass in the night, and, passing, speak one another." If all casual converse were conducted on these tactful lines, we should not possess the national reputation for reticence which we have acquired.

SWINDLES.

Elsewhere in this number you will find the first of a remarkable series of revelations under the general title of " Swindles." I need scarcely say that the name " Wormwood Portland " is merely a nom-de-plume, under which the writer conceals his identity.

We pride ourselves on securing for our readers contributions of an unusual character, and I think you will agree with me that these revelations are of exceptional interest. Stories of crime, and especially detailed accounts of actual swindles, such as this writer gives, are always fascinating, and they serve a highly useful purpose in warning the public of the wiles practised by the unscrupulous.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

SELBY'S NEIGHBOUR.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

If it be true that a man's past life is graven on his countenance, then Mr. Normanby in his career had indeed been fortunate, for he radiated kindliness and geniality, and added thereto was a certain shrewd quality of humour which lifted him out of the ordinary ruck of humanity and rendered him at once a formidable opponent in controversy and a delightful and entertaining companion.

He was a retired iron-master, a widower, living on the estate adjoining Richard Selby's. He scarcely looked his sixty years, for he was very well preserved for his age—with cheeks like russet apples, eyes that laughed at you and liked you at the same time, and such a mouth as children love—broad and whimsical and benignant, with yet a hint of sadness lurking somewhere in its smile.

Mr. Normanby had had no offspring of his own, which was perhaps the reason why he found other people's children so fascinating. He also liked women, especially young and pretty women who were mothers; and men, too, he got on excellently with, though with a delicately perceptible difference in his demeanour, as though, knowing them so well, he must reluctantly admit they were not strictly entitled to his homage.

He was smiling a little to himself as he walked down the garden path from his house one winter's afternoon, a Sunday in January, when the snow was crisp underfoot and a golden-mellow sunshine made beautiful the misty air above.

He was smiling a little—with anticipation, as it seemed. For he was going to call on the Selbys—to see how the Little Man was progressing (Selby's fast-developing and lusty-lunged youngster), and to take tea with the mother, the sweetest and most sensible of women, and to chat over incidental business with Selby, who combined in an extraordinary degree modesty with self-assurance, and an iron mind with a casual manner.

Mr. Normanby on his hands and knees, with a white skin rug on his back, was giving a terrifying imitation of a prowling, growling grizzly bear.

Mr. Normanby was wearing no overcoat, though the weather was chill. He had on an old house coat and a cap set at a jaunty angle, hardly in keeping with his somewhat decrepit walk. He walked with his hands thrust lightly into the side pockets of his coat, with the thumbs sticking out; and at his heels waddled an obedient-looking, self-satisfied Scotch terrier.

Now and then Mr. Normanby would halt and snap a dead twig off one of his favourite rose trees lining each side of the path. And always he smiled—a faint anticipatory twinkle, as though the nerves of his risibility were being tickled by some secret thought.

Presently, reaching the open parkland, he struck across the snow-powdered grass, which crunched beneath his feet, and came at length to the dividing fence between his own estate and Selby's. Passing through a gate, he topped a rise and from there suddenly caught sight of Selby and his friend Graill with a number of dogs walking briskly away from him in the direction which led to the road. He halloaed to them.

His high-pitched voice failing to carry far, he placed his fingers in his mouth and whistled shrilly, like a schoolboy.

The two figures turned, and the troop of dogs came bounding forward to investigate the waddling Scotch terrier. Richard waved a hand and strode back to meet him.

"Hullo!" he said. "How are you?"

"I'm bursting with youth and good spirits. Where are *you* going?"

"Up Matterford to Darley—or anywhere else the fancy takes us. Coming?"

"Back to tea?"

"Yes."

"No thanks. Too far for me. Besides, I want to talk to your wife. Is she in?"

"Yes. You'll find her there. And glad to see you."

"And how's the youngster?"

"Tip-top! Famous! You'll hear all about his exploits from *her*. The nurse left us last night because she couldn't stand his temper. Said his glare when she tried to correct him was frightful."

"Selby," declared Mr. Normanby solemnly, "that son of yours is the most wonderful boy in the world."

"He's a handful," agreed Selby.

"He's a terror—a *holy* terror. I like to see his grin when he recognises in me a kindred spirit. I'll hasten on."

"So long for the present," said Richard, turning away.

"By the bye, Selby," called Mr. Normanby, arresting him; "I knew there was a question I was wishing to ask you. What's the basis price of Best No. 3 Bar Iron to-day?"

"English?"

"Yes, English."

"Seven-fifteen a ton, delivered free on rails. You surely know that as well as I do."

"Well, you see," said Mr. Normanby smiling, "since I've retired I've rather lost touch with things, and my manager is not too lavish in keeping me posted up. I merely wanted corroboration, because I've heard of a rather good parcel that's going."

"Oh, yes," said Richard, with a sort of pause in his expression. From being merely conversational he changed, as it were, to a casual inquisitiveness.

"But it can keep," continued Mr. Normanby brightly. "To-day is Sunday, and you won't want to talk shop."

"Righto," said Richard. "What's the price of the parcel, by the way?"

"Aha!" laughed Mr. Normanby, genially. "You don't catch me like that!"

"All right," said Richard, good-humouredly. "See you later on."

And he strode away, followed by his dogs, to rejoin Graill, while Mr. Normanby went on, still with that pleased, somewhat subtle smile on the face.

"Dear old chap, that," said Richard to his secretary. "He loves it to be thought that he still retains all his business shrewdness. And there's some reason for it, too. For I hear, in spite of his having gone out of harness, he still directs the main policy of his business, and all the big projects are initiated and controlled by him."

"He must be worth a heap of money," said Graill.

"Certainly not less than a quarter of a million. And *worth* it, as you say, because he made it for himself."

"That couldn't have been done without cleverness."

"True enough. But money-making was different in those days. Easier because of less competition. And now .... well—cut-throat tactics are not agreeable to gentlemen."

"You mean—he would not make anything like so great a fortune if he were to start in business now?"

"I am certain of it," said Richard, confidently.

"Wonder who he'll leave his money to?" speculated Graill, with some irrelevance.

"Keep on wondering, my son. *You* won't get it."

"No: you."

"Which leaves me unmoved."

"I've got an idea," added Graill, after an interval, "that he's had some big trouble in his life—a perpetual grief . . . . perhaps the loss of his wife."

"Perhaps," agreed Richard, and his tone was different. "She died, you know, soon after they were married. Died in giving birth to a child—which also died."

They were silent for a time.

"That's the test of a man," said Richard; "whether grief sours him or sweetens him."

"Yes," said Graill, half involuntarily nodding.

"I shouldn't like the same sorrow to fall on me," said Richard; and he looked at Graill—and they understood each other.

"No," said Graill, and then the subject was changed.

* * * * * * *

They returned from their walk to find, in the firelit morning room at Woodmanscroft, Mr. Normanby, on his hands and knees, with a white skin rug on his back, giving a terrifying imitation of a prowling, growling, grizzly bear, to the unbridled delight of an infant of some four hundred days on the hearthrug—an infant with stalwart legs, who resolutely declined to be terrified by anything.

When presently it was suggested that the game should cease and the growling grizzly be refreshed with a cup of tea, this immature human—baptismal name Ralph, alternately the Handful, the Terror, Mother's Little Lovikins, and other such humiliating diminutives—entered such a storm of protest that Richard coined another title for him on the spot—to wit, the Little Devil: a description which received a confirmatory nod from the mother.

Peace being restored, the tea passed off quite pleasantly.

It was a moonlight night, almost as bright as day, when at about seven o'clock Mr. Normanby set out to return to his home. He would not have Richard accompany him on the way—a touch of the independence of hale old age which the younger man was quick to appreciate; but nevertheless, Richard went across the lawn with him, conversing about nothing in particular. Just as they were about to part he said:

"I'll take that parcel of Best No. 3 Bar Iron you spoke of, if it's at an acceptable price."

"But you don't know what the quality is," said Mr. Normanby, fencing genially.

"No, but I shall know when you tell me."

"Can you take a thousand tons?"

"Yes, I can take a thousand tons," said Richard, and he flicked with care the ash from the end of his cigar.

"What price are you prepared to pay?"

"Quality guaranteed," said Richard deliberately, "I should be pleased to pay seven-two-six, less three per cent, spot cash, delivery free on rails."

"So should I," said Mr. Normanby, with a suddenly delightful laugh.

"Even seven-five, perhaps?"

"Ah, my dear Selby, Sunday is a bad day for bargaining upon, and I fear you are extravagant against your better judgment."

"No deal, then?" inquired Richard, unmoved by the other's playfulness.

"Not at seven-five, when, on your own confession, seven-fifteen is the lowest figure obtainable."

"I didn't say obtainable," said Richard. "I said it was the current market quotation."

"And there is an Association," said Mr. Normanby, "which fixes the minimum figure at seven-fifteen—a price which no works can depart from. And therefore——"

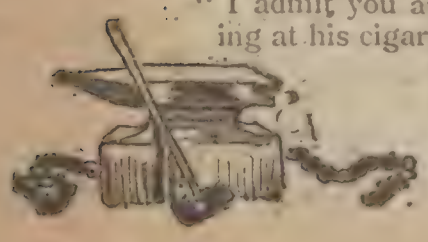
"And therefore," remarked Richard, with corresponding geniality, "your parcel at a bargain price becomes a myth, Mr. Normanby."

"Oh, no, no," said the older man, sincerely; "it's not a myth, sir."

"Then what is it?"

"It's a special arrangement—I can't disclose the details—but a thousand tons are yours, Selby, at seven-*ten*. Terms as you said. Quality, the best No. 3 English. What do you say to that now?" And he beamed on Richard with an almost childish elation.

"I admit you arouse my curiosity," said Richard, pulling at his cigar and watching him with abstracted eyes.



He was trying to read his man—as the other man was trying to read him—and each found the other inscrutable.

"Admit, too, that seven pounds ten is a price you cannot beat anywhere," said Mr. Normanby.

"It is," said Richard. "That's true."

"And yet you are not tempted?"

"I haven't said so."

"Well, shall I book it?" Mr. Normanby retreated a step, smiling invitingly. It was his parting remark—it was abundantly clear.

"I'll give you seven-five," said Richard, "and take the thousand tons within the next three months."

"No, no, Selby. Seven-ten."

"No deal," said Richard, succinctly.

"A thousand five shillingses is two-fifty pounds, you know."

"Yes, I'm fairly good at mental arithmetic."

They looked at each other now, and the light in the eyes of each was exceedingly appreciative and exceedingly combative.

"Well, I'm disappointed, of course," said Mr. Normanby, with the faintest of rueful shrugs. "I was hoping I could do you a good turn—and myself as well. Evidently commercial acumen has gone past me. I don't know how to handle these things."

He extended his hand and they cordially exchanged grips.

Mr. Normanby held on to Richard's hand and said impulsively: "I'll tell you what I'll do, my dear boy. I'll wire the works making them a firm offer of seven-seven-six for you. Give me till to-morrow. I'm sure if I exert pressure I shall be able to manage the thing."

"Not at seven-seven-six for me—thank you," said Richard, with curt refusal. "I'm obliged to you—but I'll let it pass. Good-night, Mr. Normanby."

"Well, you *are* a stubborn beggar," said the veteran in sorrowful admiration. "Good-night, my dear lad. Think it over again, and perhaps if you alter your mind you will telephone me in the morning."

"It's a slim perhaps," said Richard, uttering a short amused laugh. "Good-night, again."

And as Richard walked back to the house, there was a subtle smile on his lips, very similar to the smile which had characterised the countenance of Mr. Normanby earlier in the day.

But Mr. Normanby, as he walked home, was not smiling at all.

* * * * * * *

That night, in his study, Richard said to his secretary, Graill:

"I've strong reason to believe that the Bar Iron Association is breaking up—the same as all other associations have broken up. Fortunately we have scarcely anything left on contract. We'll sit tight for a bit until competition is keen and prices rule low."

"Right you are," said Graill. "But the news is a surprise. I thought the Bar Iron Association was a solid thing for many months to come. Where do you get your information from?"

"From our friend Normanby—who is certainly several degrees cleverer than I originally took him to be;" and he related the conversation which had recently transpired. "I almost tumbled into the trap of contracting for a thousand tons," he said; "but not quite. All's fair in love and war, Graill—but never judge by appearances."

A SPORTING CALENDAR.

Readers who desire to have a thoroughly sporting calendar to hang up in their rooms should avail themselves of the offer made to us by Messrs. Spratt's, who will forward their 1912 wall calendar to any reader who sends them a postcard, provided THE MODERN MAN is mentioned.

The sample they have sent us consists of twelve very pretty sporting pictures, showing various breeds of dogs, pheasants, wild duck, and so forth, and is exactly the kind of calendar a sportsman likes to see on the walls of his "den."

Postcards should be addressed to the Almanack Department, Spratt's Patent, Limited, 24, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

HINTS TO AMATEUR ACTORS

SPEAK AND MOVE SLOWLY, AND KNOW YOUR LINES.

As THE MODERN MAN dealt recently with the art of "making-up," I need not touch on that side of amateur theatricals, but there are many other points on which the novice is apt to go wrong.

First, there is learning your part. Here much depends on the individual. Some men have naturally quick and retentive memories, and can learn a long part in a few hours, others find the utmost difficulty in memorising even a few lines.

The following is the best plan. First, read the whole play through from beginning to end, so as to get the general hang of it. Then read it again, this time paying particular attention to your own part.

Next write out your own lines and "cues," that is, the words immediately preceding those you have to speak. Write out your part several times, using the "book" as a guide, until you can write down all your lines and cues from memory. Then carefully study the stage directions, and keep copying them out until you can write them down from memory.

IMPORTANCE OF CUES.

If possible, you should learn not only your own cues, but the opening words the next character has to speak, so that you can prompt him if he forgets them. Above all, make sure of your finishing words, for these are the other man's cue.

Next get a friend to examine you, he giving you your cues, first in proper order, then at random until you come to respond automatically on hearing any cue from any part of the book.

In regard to speaking your lines, the amateur's great fault is dropping his voice at the end of a sentence. You should speak on a rising scale, and though there is no need to bellow, it is better to shout the last words than to allow the voice to drop.

SPEAKING TOO FAST.

Then most beginners speak far too quickly. You can hardly be too deliberate; for one amateur who is slow a hundred speak in an unintelligible gabble.

Pay attention, too, to the sense of what you are saying; in other words, think of what you are going to say as you would in real life. This is the surest way of avoiding that mechanical, parrot-like utterance which is a common failing among amateurs.

The average amateur is usually in too great a hurry with his gestures and movements.

You must remember that the footlights exaggerate things. A five foot eight man looks a six footer on the stage, and you must bear in mind that any movement you make will be magnified to the audience.

WALKING ON.

Take, for example, walking on the stage, an art in itself. If you walk as you would in ordinary life, you will convey the impression of prancing. You ought to take shorter and slower steps than you would ordinarily. Similarly with gestures, you want to be easy and deliberate, so as to give the audience time to appreciate your meaning, and to avoid the appearance of being strung on wires.

His hands often bother the amateur. They feel huge, and he appears to have several pairs of them. The best plan is not to think about them, but this is rather a counsel of perfection. Try, however, to keep them at your sides, and avoid fiddling with things.

A very common failing with amateurs is turning their back to the audience. Of course, there are times when the stage directions may order you to speak with back to the audience, but in such a case the "pro." makes a half turn round, and throws his voice over his shoulder.

At the same time, avoid playing *at* the audience. If replying to a character who is in a line with you, don't turn right away from him to face the audience. Speak to him as you would in real life, making a quarter or half turn towards the audience, but not looking at them.

Above all, beware of playing to the front seats. It is the man in the back row that you want to get hold of; if you can make him hear you don't need to bother about anyone else.

Don't rush your entrances or exits, unless the action of the play demands a hurried appearance or disappearance.

The amateur, however, usually starts talking before he is fairly on the stage or goes off before he has finished his lines, with the result that in either case half of what he is saying is lost.

Pause, therefore, after making an entrance, and when going off finish what you have to say first.

Stage falls or faints are generally badly done by amateurs. Time after time you may see a "fainting" man topple over suddenly. A fainting person does nothing of the kind. He begins to go first at the knees and then *gradually* sinks downwards.

Similarly a person who has been shot or stabbed does not go down like a log. He staggers and then gradually falls, generally on his face.

EATING ON THE STAGE.

Beware of having real eatables on the stage. Even "pros." often come to grief over them, while I remember an amateur performance that was broken up by the frenzied but unavailing effort of a character to masticate a real cream cracker.

The average letter as written on the stage by the amateur, and a good many pros. for that matter, is written at a perfectly impossible speed.

If a letter or document has to be produced, it is advisable for someone to have a duplicate in case of the original going astray at the critical moment.

T. R. WESTBURN.

IMPRISONING PATER.

Mr. Hamar Greenwood, senior Member of Parliament for York, tells a good story of his younger days. As a boy, Mr. Greenwood, who is a Canadian by parentage and birth, was fired with martial ambition, ran away from home, and enlisted in a militia regiment just as they were going into camp.

His father followed hot on his son's erring footsteps, and found him doing sentry-go. The old man was for administering chastisement, after the time-honoured fashion, then and there, but the youthful warrior called out the guard and had his respected parent run in for "attempting to force a sentry."

The vigorous old man, the man who at seventy

can "take a fence" with the youngest, is generally one with a hearty appetite and a good digestion, one who has acquired the habit of taking Mustard regularly at meals. It's a good habit, especially if it's

Colman's mustard

D. S. F.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

CAREFUL FEEDING.

ITS IMPORTANCE TO THE PHYSICAL CULTURIST.

The many letters which I receive upon the subject of diet show how little this matter is understood, even by those who are students of Physical Culture.

It is now generally recognised that Physical Culture, rightly employed, will cure many maladies which have hitherto been treated by drugs, but, to attain the desired result in the shortest space of time, Physical Culture must be supported by suitable feeding.

The usual mistake made is that of over-indulgence. A man commences a meal with a good appetite, and he eats long after that appetite is satisfied, feeling sure that he is laying up spare energy for the time to come. As a matter of fact, he is probably doing nothing more than ensuring himself of a period of indigestion, or at least of lassitude, after his meal, for food, over and above what the system requires, merely wastes energy in digesting, instead of producing it.

It is much better for a meal to be of a varied character, with several courses, than to consist of only one or two courses, for if the number of dishes is limited, one is more inclined to eat too heartily of them, whereas when there are several courses you take but little of each, and your appetite is satisfied before you have eaten too much.

Another point which should be attended to is rigorously to deny yourself those foods which do not suit you. All sorts of hashes, and other dishes made of meat twice cooked, should be avoided, because they are indigestible.

Tinned food, whether it is meat, fish, or fruit, should be avoided. It is never so nourishing as freshly cooked food, and frequently contains dangerous preservatives.

One of the chief maladies for which I am asked to prescribe a cure is constipation. A tendency to constipation is inherited in many cases, and is usually made chronic by the habitual taking of pills. The cure for it is to practise those exercises which bring the abdominal muscles into play, and thereby strengthen them to fulfil their proper functions; at the same time eat plenty of vegetables and fruit, and you will soon be able to dispense with your visits to the chemist.

A BICEPS MAKER.

NO STRAIN INVOLVED.

Light as this exercise may seem, I recommend it strongly even for the most athletic student of Physical Culture. As for those who are not constitutionally strong, and who have to be careful in their selection of exercises, I may prescribe it with every confidence, for it involves no strain whatsoever.

Send the arms back with vigour.

(1) Stand erect, with heels together and toes spread.

(2) Raise the elbows till they are on a level with the shoulders, and bend them so that the hands come just in front of the shoulders. Keep the palms downwards.

(3) Fling the arms back smartly, on a level with the shoulders, as far as you can reach. The palms must remain downwards all the time.

(4) Return the arms to the second position, and repeat.

This is a first-class exercise for both the biceps and the forearms, and it may safely be repeated until the muscles begin to ache.

To get the best results out of it, you must do it with vigour. Simply to bend the arms listlessly back is of no use. Put all your energy into it, and concentrate your mind on the muscles of the forearms, upper arms, and shoulders, which are the ones brought into play.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

C. W. (Kentish Town).—I do not know how you could have got the idea that deep breathing can be injurious in winter. It is just as necessary to fill the lungs with air in cold weather as it is in warm.

W. H. P. (Littleborough).—The rupture may be more serious than you imagine, and you ought to consult a doctor at once. He will tell you the best course of treatment to adopt and will put your mind at rest.

R. H. (Hartlepool).—Your accident should be a warning to others. A mat placed upon a highly polished floor is not suitable for exercising upon, as it is always liable to slip.

E. S. L. (Bristol).—You can strengthen the muscles around the eye by the following simple exercise: Keeping the head in the normal position, raise the eyes as high as possible and then lower them until you are looking towards your chin. Next turn the eyes as far as you can to the right, and then to the left. Repeat twelve or twenty times.

"BEGINNER" (Birmingham).—You are looking for results too quickly. Your health begins to tone up immediately you adopt a scientific system of Physical Culture, but you cannot expect to see much perceptible increase in the size of your muscles before the end of a month. By that time, however, if your exercises have been properly chosen, there will be a distinct improvement in the size of your muscles, as well as in your general health.

C. M. (Exeter).—Cocoa is a very good drink, and makes a first-rate "nightcap." The fact that you do not like it is probably due to your taking too much sugar and too much milk with it, and thus making it cloying.

P. C. (Cork). — The apparently rapid changes in your weight are obviously due to your method of weighing yourself, which you admit to be on the automatic weighing machines at the railway stations and shops you visit. These machines are not always strictly reliable, and you will probably find that if you weigh yourself always by the same machine your weight will vary but very little.

A. G. P. (Glasgow).—Allow a reasonable period for your food to digest before you start your cross-country running, and the pain of which you complain will disappear.

C. F. (Manchester).—Elastic webbing belts are disliked by some because they press too hard upon the abdominal muscles. A belt made of webbing without elastic in it, or of leather, will meet your requirements.

W. T. (Sheffield).—The exercise to which you refer is one of the best for rapidly developing the biceps. Spread yourself on the floor, supporting the weight of the body on the hands and toes. Start with the chest just touching the floor and raise the body up by straightening the arms. Lower it to the starting position, and repeat till the arms are tired.

R. V. (Chesterfield).—All your measurements are good, except those of the calves. Why not go in for cycling? It is a very good exercise for bringing up those muscles.

FREE! COMPLETE COURSES of PHYSICAL CULTURE

To the first 1,000 applicants I will present a free Complete Course of "Psycho-Vibratory" Physical Culture. It is complete in itself, requires no apparatus, and yet will develop your strength and physique to a high degree of perfection. By my system you can increase Biceps and Calf 1 to 2 ins., Chest 1 to 3 ins., Height 1 to 2 ins., Weight 7lbs., &c., in one month.

MY FREE OFFER.—(1) A Complete Course of "Psycho-Vibratory" Physical Culture as explained above; (2) A copy of my latest book—"The Use and Abuse of Exercise"—published at 1s. All I ask you to do is to enclose 6d. Postal Order to help to defray cost of postage, packing, &c.

Apply NOW, the Free Courses may be all gone by to-morrow.

J. JACKSON ROBINSON,
Physical Culture Specialist (Dept. M6),
18, CHELTENHAM AVENUE, LIVERPOOL, S.

SMITH'S SCHOOL, Shepherd's Bush, LONDON.
BOXING, JUJITSU, WRESTLING, WEIGHT-LIFTING, BALL-PUNCHING, CLUB-SWINGING, and all the best Exercises taught privately, in classes, or club at moderate terms. SCIENTIFIC and CAREFUL TUITION given personally only by the famous Professor **VERNON SMITH,** trainer of Tarro Miaki (Japanese Champion Jujitsu Wrestler), Rasu Uyenishi (Instructor, Headquarters Gymnasium, Aldershot), Koch (Champion German Wrestler), &c. Police, Territorials, &c. Classes evenings, or send stamps for Plus book and terms. Outfits supplied at cost price. Private Lessons can be arranged at the Professor's private residence at Chiswick.

"If Gamage were my partner"

HOW THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HAS BROUGHT HIM TO SUCCESS CAN HELP OUR READERS THERE.

A. W. Gamage.

NOT so many years ago the man whose picture appears on this page was the proud proprietor of a half-share in a tiny little shop in Holborn with a frontage of not more than a few feet. Now that business occupies two huge blocks of buildings, and is being added to every day. And its owner has hundreds of other interests as well.

Moreover, this wonderful success is due to his own efforts. He has had no outside "influence" to help him on the road to success. His progress had been due to one thing and one thing only, to his business knowledge, the knowledge that tells one when to buy and how to sell, that shows the way out of difficulties and the best means of seizing opportunities.

What would it mean to you?

What would it not mean to you if you could have such a man with you every day in your work to help you in *your* difficulties, to show you the way to seize *your* opportunities? You must realise that it might mean just the difference between just the mediocre measure of success that attends most hard-working men and the *real* success that comes to the few. Only last week Andrew Carnegie, the great millionaire, told a reporter that "merely doing your duty is not sufficient. You must work with your head, and in addition to obeying orders *work out projects of your own.*"

Now, how are you to lay those projects, if you have no past experience to help you, or no substitute for it, such as you would have if only you could have a man like Gamage for your partner?.

How can you have it?

Do you know that you *can* have Gamage for your partner, at least as far as the benefit of his advice is concerned? And not only Gamage, but also Sir Joseph Lyons, the famous restaurateur, and Richard Burbidge, managing director of Harrods' Stores; and S. F. Edge, the famous expert on making and selling motor cars, who started as a cycle racer; and James Murray Allison, who in six or seven years has reached the top of the tree in the advertising profession, and is now advertisement manager of *The Times;* and John Lawrie, managing director of William Whiteley, Ltd., who has only this last week or two seen his firm open the most wonderful business premises in England, if not in the world.

And the way you can get the benefit of these men's knowledge is by getting the Business Encyclopædia and by referring to it whenever a business difficulty faces you. Whatever your difficulty, however hard it seems, you will be able to solve it by the advice given in the Business Encyclopædia. For it is written by men who have solved similar difficulties themselves, including all those mentioned above, and many more besides, whose names will be sent free upon request.

Is it any wonder, then, that over 50,000 successful business men and great business firms are already using the work? Can there be any doubt that you will be better able to succeed if you also have it by your side to give you advice in your difficulties and to lend you confidence in your decisions?

A Book on Business Free.

In this column you will find a special coupon for readers of MODERN MAN, which entitles you to a free copy of an interesting book on business, that may set you on the right road to business success, just as it has set many others of your fellow readers. In itself, it is of considerable value to any business man, for it contains actual facsimile specimens, showing how to draw up important legal documents, such as wills, agreements, leases, indentures, etc., etc.

But—and this is its most vital point for you—it tells you also *all* about this great "Business Encyclopædia," the work that MODERN MAN describes as "probably the most valuable work that any business man could have." It is the only work that gives full and detailed information on all the problems that confront the business man during his work.

Whatever line of business you are in, whatever position you occupy in it, this work can prove invaluable to you if you will use it right. If you want to know about any point in book-keeping, the "Business Encyclopædia" will tell you. If you want to know about drawing up a balance-sheet, or a profit and loss account, you will find it here. If you want to know the law as it affects your own particular calling, if you want to know anything about manufacturing, if you want to learn all about loose leaf and card index systems, you can learn it here. You can learn, in fact, of any and every subject connected with business. Surely you realise the help this knowledge would mean.

It is only because 50,000 firms and business men are already using the work that we are able to offer to deliver it to any reader of MODERN MAN for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, the balance being paid in small monthly payments, while you are already using and benefiting by the work. But signing this coupon does not cost you anything.

A FREE BOOK.

This Coupon entitles you to one free copy of the book on Business Success, but it must be sent at once. It tells all about the work and the specially low terms to readers of MODERN MAN.

To the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,

52, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me one complimentary copy of the book on the "Business Encyclopædia." I am a reader of MODERN MAN.

Name.....

(Send this form or a postcard).

Address.....

AGNY

AN EPISODE.

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

'Agny' and Halson is not the name of a firm, but of two friends. There was nothing very striking about either of them. They were both erratic, careless, and without any sense of responsibility in the wide world.

Both of them were, in a sense, dreamers. Under twenty-five one may dream. But Halson dreamt occasionally to some purpose. He sold his pictures in a quick commercial market.

Agny never had the money to bribe theatrical agents to get him a part. An unconvincing young man was Agny. It seemed that he used his artistic temperament—a hideous gift when it brings no money—not wisely. You never spoke to him without thinking he was posing the whole time.

Halson was a quick-eyed, brown-haired, slender-fingered young man, artistic, but the sort of man who tubs every day. He looked "clean." Agny—always laughing, serious about nothing—aimed rather at the sporting garb, but had a shocking seat on a hired horse. You have the two as I knew them.

When you saw Agny alone you wondered, and asked for Halson. Shepherd's Bush, of course, was their base. They lived in nice rooms and picked up French from the better-class exhibition people who were over for the season. They rather oppressed you with their French.

The time came when I met Halson alone in the rain-swept Goldhawk Road, very late one night.

"Where's Agny?" said I, quite in the order of things.

"Agny," he said, "is gone."

I walked back to his rooms with him. He sat for some minutes gazing into the fire.

We came to it presently, then it burst out.

"Man," he said, "You must forgive me if I'm bad sport to-night, but I've made a mistake—oh a devil of a mistake. I thought I could get on without Agny. Oh, the biggest fool in London to-night is here, my boy.

"He was broke, his don't-care-a-damn air annoyed me. I let him go. Yes, I let Agny go. You know him—touchy, proud—silly proud when there's no occasion for it with me.

"He got up from that chair where you're sitting——"

Halson gulped and opened his hands and closed them again, holding his fists tight clenched in front of him.

"He went . . . . I must tell you, we—we didn't go to school together. I hardly knew him. I was, perhaps, a shade better off financially. I lived in one of the best houses of the town. My people were dead, but my grandfather was one of the city fathers sort of thing. Sometimes for swank—pure swank, you know what boys are—I'd drive about in the old man's brougham.

"We had a slight accident one day. Coachman yelled out, but we knocked a chap bang over in the High Street. We picked him up. He was about nineteen—two years older than I. He was a good deal shaken and he was holding his wrist, which was all muddy.

"'Broken?' said I. 'We must drive to the hospital.'

"'Sprained—a bandage will do,' said he.

"I liked the way he said it.

"'Perhaps they can fix me up at your place,' he said. Then he smiled and fainted dead off, still smiling. We were home by then. I dashed in and got some brandy, but he was practically round before I brought it.

"'I'll do,' he said. 'I can walk home and get a bandage there.'

"'Rot,' said I, and he came in, hanging on to me. That was Agny. Laugh? You should have heard him!"

But Halson was going on in a quavering voice, a cruel sadness even in his smile. He paused.

"Laugh?" he said, turning his head away from me. "He made all my crew roar. He kept giving himself advice about it, as we did the bandaging. How he would call and see himself and take his temperature the next day. Not that I could make you laugh about it, but you—you knew Agny. I laughed all the same—just because I knew Agny.

"I don't think I'd had a friend before that I'd stuck to. I'm a funny sort of chap—want a lot of knowing, I believe—rather casual with people. But I liked Agny. I saw him off the premises in style, arranged to meet him the next night. I was dead keen on this chap—yes, that's it. He seemed such a sportsman. He came round to my place with me a night or two after.

"I started to perform on the ivories—oh, but I've got no dash in my playing, though I'm jolly fond of music. Cake Walks were the go then. There was a lovely 'rag' out at the time, and the whole thing depended on a silent beat which was absolutely *irresistible*, and sent you fair dancing mad. Great Scott, I mugged it every time!

"Agny was standing there looking absolutely cut to the heart, because he *felt* music, that chap. His wrist was still in a small bandage just round it. Soon as I got up he sat down, and rattled it off with the silent beat just there. Sousa couldn't have wished for better. Then I smacked him on the back.

"'My hat,' I said, 'there *was* some wrist work in that, and I thought yours was sprained.'

"He remembered it then—about his wrist. He sort of held it as though it pained him for a minute. Then he whipped the bandage off and chucked it into the fire.

"'Kick me out, Halson,' said he. "I've been swanking all the time. My wrist was never sprained. My fainting was a little bit of histrionic art.'

"'Then, why in the name of heaven,' said I, 'did you say your wrist was sprained? Look at the days of your piano-playing I've missed.'

"'Well, I thought you looked rather a good sort, and, well, I wanted to know you,' he said. 'Kick me out. Go on.'

"I caught hold of his flipper then.

"'Well, I'm dam' glad, that's all I know about it,' I said to him.

"He was all smiles then, dear old man.

"'Ah, you're thinking it's your personal beauty,' said he, 'but you see I knew you'd got a billiard-room and a good piano.'

"That's how he passed it off.

"Well, we had to face a thing or two in a small way in our time, Agny and I. First off, some of my precious uncles found out that Agny was a bit of a slacker; did nothing but collect his father's rents. They had a lot of small property in the cheaper localities. It was a fair day's job if you didn't press, and then there were the accounts to be made out.

"Anyway they tried and tried; said he'd lead me into slack ways and all that sort of business. Good heavens, we had what I call a plaster saint's time as young men go. There were one or two flare-ups, certainly; but nothing you couldn't lay to natural high spirits.

"His old man kept him pretty close, which was quite right, and you never heard old Agny complaining. He hadn't much need, because half I had was his at any time. He usually had the better half, too; but, hang it, though they said that I was a mug, I didn't mind. I told 'em that the highest thing money can buy is a pleasant time. And if old Agny smoked all my cigarettes and ruined me in 'bacca and drinks, well, I thoroughly enjoyed myself.

"We had years of that sort of thing, and then, when my grandfather died, I came to London. Agny didn't see why the deuce he shouldn't come too. He thought on those lines. The King was going to Manchester races, we found, the next day. Agny didn't see why we shouldn't go, too; that's how he led off at an honest endeavour to start work. He'd taken twenty from his governor, and his blessing, and a heap of advice.

"He got a job in his line in the drawing office of a big works, digged with me, was no end popular with everyone. He was booked to appear at his firm's smoker. That was all very well; but—to cut a long story short—he reckoned that the big drawing-table in the office was the place to rehearse. Senior partner caught him twice at it. I needn't tell you the result. And, of course, he had nothing to fall back on. He hadn't a penny piece. He went racing.

"Heroes, I suppose, would have packed their bag and cleared, refusing with tears in their eyes, to hang on a pal. Agny wasn't a hero. I wouldn't have let him be in any case. I'd a bit coming in fairly regular, considering I'm a slap-dash artist. It was as natural as anything that he should be my guest—not that that hits exactly. I was Halson and he was Agny. Of the two, Agny had no money. *Voilà!*

"You know our little small and early card parties? I can't remember one myself that Agny ever won anything at, but he'd always sit down and say, 'Now, my bonny boys, it's my turn to win to-night.' If it was penny nap he never got the cards. If it was banker he never got the luck.

"He borrowed a half-quid from me to-night, as I thought, for 'bacca, et cetera, but as soon as the chaps came in he proposed a game. I'll admit I looked at him. I've got a grain of caution somewhere which just saves me. Cards—with his luck and his net capital!

"'Don't you worry,' he said to me, just in his old assured way; 'I'm going to clean the lot of you out to-night.'

"And he sat down with that same old smile on his face just as if he'd already got our money in his pockets. I think a half-hour saw the end of it. He was skinned. He just shrugged his shoulders. He'd been going nap on four hands and three on two hands, all because he said he could feel his luck was in. He said you had to face the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, but it was the aces that beat him.

"'Come,' he said to me, 'lend me another half-quid and I'll soon get it back.'

"I told him right off then. I told him what a fool I thought him. The others went out. Oh, I said some damnable things to him.

"'You ass, you idiot, you dolt,' I said. And I fairly cut him to the quick. You can imagine what I said. And—yes, I'll tell you what a cad I was. Why, do you know, I only wanted that other half-quid to buy a present for some girl. I put the girl before Agny because I was mad. I told him I'd got no money to go on standing his losses—and I've got at least two quid a week—ample for both of us! We could always knock about and talk over old times.

"But, man, man, I went back on Agny. Went back on my pal! And I'm wretched and miserable. Look here—you don't mind my saying it, do you?—you often said you liked my little agate snuff-box. I say—I say, if you can find Agny and make it right with him, it's yours. . . . Oh, he got up from that chair where you're sitting; he looked at me from that door—and I let him go!"

A DAY IN BED.

A SIMPLE AND CHEAP PICK-ME-UP.

For about twenty years I have considered that a day in bed would be a day most certainly wasted. I have come to another conclusion now, after giving the thing a trial.

To lie a-bed for twenty-four hours is, of course, impossible for most of us, even if we were inclined to try it, but there are occasions when a man can look three days ahead and say to himself that those days are his own, to do as he likes.

And this was my case. Do not suppose for a moment that I was ill. In fact, so far as definite illness was concerned I was unconscious of any when I thought of taking a holiday in bed.

Perhaps I was a little stale as to my regular work and regular play—and both of them can become a burden at times. I confess to a certain increasing irritableness with trifles.

Then someone suggested a week-end change. I knew that a week-end change would only mean further hurry and scurry, and further fuel to the fire of irritability. And so I refused, and next morning I thought I'd lie a-bed.

What the secret may be that gives one a feeling of intense and redoubled vigour after a day in bed I do not know. Probably it is that this indulgence is as nearly as possible the ideal of complete rest.

There is one warning, however, that needs to be given if the full benefit of this simple and cheap pick-me-up is to be really beneficial.

It is useless to enter upon it feeling all the time that you really ought to be up and doing. This mental unrest will spoil the whole thing. Just make up your mind to let your world go hang and get on without you. (It will succeed in this somehow.) Then you can let the hours slip by, reading, smoking, dozing, or just lying still.

Of all the delights it brings, one of the greatest is that you will lose all count of time as you measure it out during business. It is a delicious feeling.

F. WATLING.

MR. F. HARVEY HATCHARD.

Member Institut Stenographique des Deux Mondes, Paris. For many years Examiner in Shorthand to the Newfoundland Council of Higher Education.

IMPROVE YOUR :: POSITION. ::

The SLOAN-DUPLOYAN "NEW RAPID" Shorthand has created a Revolution. Learned in twelve Easy Lessons. Saves a year's study. Used by fastest Official Parliamentary Reporters daily at 250 words per minute. Holds the World's Speed Records. :: :: Awarded Eleven Gold Medals.

SIMPLE, RAPID, LEGIBLE, PRACTICAL.

80 Words per minute in One Month Guaranteed.

The Easiest Shorthand System in the World. Highly praised by 200 Newspapers (including "The Modern :: :: Man") and 10,000 students. :: ::

Col. A. G. CHESNEY writes: "I have every confidence in recommending the Sloan-Duployan 'New Rapid' Shorthand as a most interesting and attractive study."

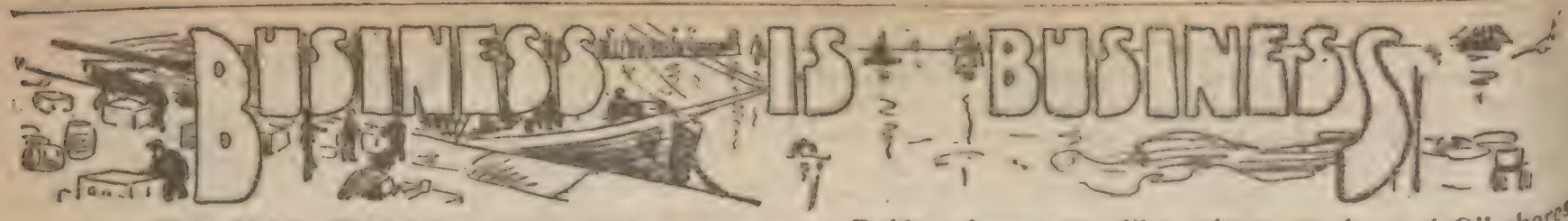
Mr. THOMAS HARRISON, of Glasgow, states: "After only four weeks' study, I am now using Shorthand in business every day."

Similar letters are received daily.

Send Postcard to-day for New Illustrated Handbook, Prospectus, and Free Lesson—

F. HARVEY HATCHARD, Principal,
SHORTHAND ASSOCIATION,
Holborn Hall, London, W.C.
(Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" Headquarters).

TELEPHONE: 6111 HOLBORN.



TRICKS THAT ANNOY.

SOME HINTS FOR THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

It is surprising how often one comes across, in offices, men who are completely indifferent to the minor personal rights of fellow-workers. These thoughtless people, while never failing to observe all the ordinary rules of conduct in larger affairs, are guilty of causing much discomfort and annoyance in matters that perhaps never strike them as of any importance.

In an office where many men are working and where there is a good deal of walking to and fro, a very annoying trick is the habit of just touching the clerks' chairs as one passes.

Now, there is nothing so irritating as this. It suggests such a complete lack of consideration. One has no more business to give a man's chair a thump in passing than one has to give a man's nose a thump.

Another most unpleasant trick is to stand and watch a man working. Now, an ordinarily sensitive man cannot work with anybody looking on. It is upsetting, and makes for nervousness. Yet how often it is done!

Equally unpleasant as either of these is the way one man will approach another man's desk and will sprawl over it with unnecessary clumsiness.

Added to this is the most disagreeable habit of talking into people's faces. The sufferer may move his chair or draw back a pace, but the other presses forward ignoring the hint, and persists in puffing and blowing, much to the other's discomfort.

One suffers daily, almost hourly, from little unpleasantnesses of this sort.

It is sheer clumsiness that makes a man kick the leg of a chair as he passes, but this is not less annoying than any of the other tricks.

Such things as these will make an employer blind to all a man's good points, and will weigh heavily against the offender when weighty questions of promotion are being considered.

F. B. DILLON.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

The threatened coal strike is overhanging the Home Railway market on the Stock Exchange and causing considerable liquidation. If the miners' representatives hold out for a minimum wage, I am afraid the strike will materialise, as owners cannot afford to pay men's wages to boys.

No doubt the railway companies and other big users of coal are laying in a stock, as a precautionary measure, and, consequently, the strike, if it does come, will not cause so much disorganisation of trade as would have occurred had there been no warning of the trouble.

The District Railway will not be affected should the strike take place, as a great quantity of coal is not required to keep them going. Of course, the price may fall in sympathy with the prices of the stocks of the trade lines, but the fall will not be great.

Another of my favourites—namely, East London—ought not to be affected, and at 7¾ this stock gives promise of a substantial profit.

Canadian Pacifics still keep firm, although Trunks have relapsed considerably. The reason given for the fall in Trunks is the general increase of wages agreed on with the men; but the Canadian Pacific must also increase their wages bill, and if the shares were not manipulated, the fall would have been greater than that of the Trunk.

Mexican Rails are looking up again, and the Second Preference, carrying the full half-year's dividend at six per cent., look extremely cheap round about 93½.

Americans seem to be marking time; but the undercurrent is strong, and Amalgamated Copper and Steel Common look like going higher.

Rubber shares are still on the up-grade; and Oil shares are also better.

Kaffirs show no change, but I am giving my readers good advice for 1912 in advising them to have nothing to do with this market.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

L. K. (Torquay).—A fair speculative investment, but I should not advise the whole of your capital being placed in this one venture.

"BAKER" (Ross).—Quite good, and likely to improve in the near future.

P. F. (Oldham).—The documents are all in order, and I do not see any possibility of your escaping liability.

C. D. (Leamington).—The shares are quoted ex dividend on the Stock Exchange on the Account Day following the date of payment.

V. S. (Longton).—Hold your Way-Halims; the present price is unduly depressed and the prospects are hopeful.

W. E. C. (Bray).—(a) Yes. (b) My information does not bear out your assertion; I should advise closing.

W. T. (Reigate).—As a holding I should prefer No. 3; the others are too speculative.

A. B. (Walsall).—In my opinion it is always unwise for a person of small means to purchase shares with so heavy a liability.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

OUR COLONIAL UNIVERSAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

Every Colonial reader should avail himself of the facilities offered by our Colonial Universal Supply Department.

We are prepared to buy and dispatch to any Colonial reader any article whatsoever that can be obtained in London, provided he sends with his order a sufficient sum to cover the cost.

Readers who are likely to have a number of small orders from time to time may, if they so desire, deposit sums of £5 and upwards with us, and a statement of the balance of their deposit will be sent to them each time goods are forwarded.

All goods are carefully packed and dispatched, but it must be understood that they are sent at the purchaser's risk. Where it is possible to register or insure goods in transit, this will be done, providing the purchaser instructs us to do so.

We charge ten per cent. of the value of the purchases to meet the expenses of this department.

All cheques, money orders, and postal orders must be made payable to THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., and all communications regarding this department must be addressed to The Colonial Universal Supply Department, THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.

(42ND EDITION.)

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.

FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.
44, BANK STREET, MANCHESTER.

HIGH-GRADE POSITIONS.

. . We have always a large number of High-Grade Positions open in Clerical, Technical, Organising, and Travelling capacities—positions carrying salaries of from £150 to £1,000—and we want to hear from really High-Grade Men who are capable of filling them. If you are a man possessed of Special Ability, write us to-day—or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd. 167-168, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE SPORTING TIMES

Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

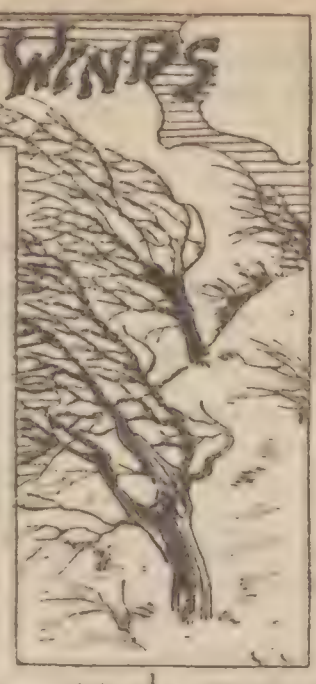
SMARTER AND MORE AMUSING THAN EVER.

Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.

WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY.

Published Every Friday,
At 97, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

AT THE MERCY OF THE WINDS



A WINTER HILL-CLIMB IN A GALE.

It is strange that those people who live within sight of the hills so seldom attempt to climb them. It would almost seem that in order to be fired with ambition to reach the highest point one must live perhaps just out of sight of the range, a few hours' walk from the foothills.

Day after day I have "lifted up mine eyes unto the hills" and have searched along the entire length of sky-line for signs of a single human being. Invariably I have looked in vain.

Is it that our race is losing its capacity for being tempted by such feats as climbing to the summit, whether it be of material hills of chalk or limestone or hills of difficulty of other kinds?

It is merely a passing query, and one that shall not delay me in striding on to my climb. For I am out to-day with a heart for anything, however steep, so long as I am in the open air. I have that priceless possession—a day to do what I will. Only darkness shall bring me home. "Night is a good shepherd," says the ancient proverb, "for she brings all creatures home."

A FURIOUS DAY.

But there are six hours between me and darkness, and I'm off "to the peak," as we call the highest of our little hills.

It is a furious day. To open one door in the house is to set all the other doors a-banging. We shall want tight-fitting caps to-day, that is certain; and something light but rainproof, too, for now and again a thick drizzle falls in the quieter intervals.

It is a joy to get out of the house. The air is filled with a roaring sound which grows now loud, now quieter, as the wind catches the nearer and farther trees. These are all bending and swaying like great fishing rods bend when heavy fish are fighting for life.

Thatch is flying from roof and rick, and the air is filled with leaves, whisked up from the hedges. It is necessary to keep a sharp look-out for falling branches. The woods have already suffered, and as we clear the village and begin to rise to more open ground, there are evidences of the savage force of the wind. Great branches, almost as thick as a man's body, have been wrenched nearly off the stumps. They lie with their tips on the ground, and show a new white gash in the wood.

SAVING THE BREATH.

Talking in such a blow is difficult. The wind silences all but its own swish in the trees, and when we climb the last rough stone wall and enter on the real work of climbing we need our breath for this.

A few hundred feet above the plain there is a strange difference in the gale. Down below all was motion and roar. Up here, far above the trees, there is no motion, no roar. Only the whistling of the air in our ears and a faint rustle in the close-cropped grass.

Down in the plain the trees are all a-sway, and in the most thickly-wooded districts it seems as if some awful turmoil of the earth were going on, setting the trees writhing.

Over the tree-tops we can make out a flock of rooks, thrown into straggling disorder by the gale, and making futile efforts to get forward. Now and then one gives up the fight, and is caught in an upward sweep of the wind and borne far back again.

LISTENING.

We listened for any sound of this turmoil down below, but scarcely any reached us. Once or twice it seemed that we heard a sharp clatter, and supposed it was some tile wrenched from a farmhouse roof and sent slithering to earth.

Soon there began for us that tantalising experience known to all hill-climbers, in which the desired summit seemed to recede the nearer we actually climbed. With the summit almost "under our noses," we nevertheless could not see it, but struggled on with the gale growing stronger at every yard we rose. Now the wind began to take us in the flank, making progress even more difficult. It could hardly have been in fiercer opposition had it been directly in our faces.

It caught the flaps of our roomy raincoats and blew them between our ankles, almost tripping us up. Sudden gusts would upset our balance on the steep hillside.

Digging our heels into the brown tufts of short grass, we struggled on and upward, never ceasing in our determination to stand on the very summit.

Hot and laborious though it was, there was great joy in our efforts, and when at last we reached a level tableland and sought for some clearly "highest point," it was nowhere to be seen.

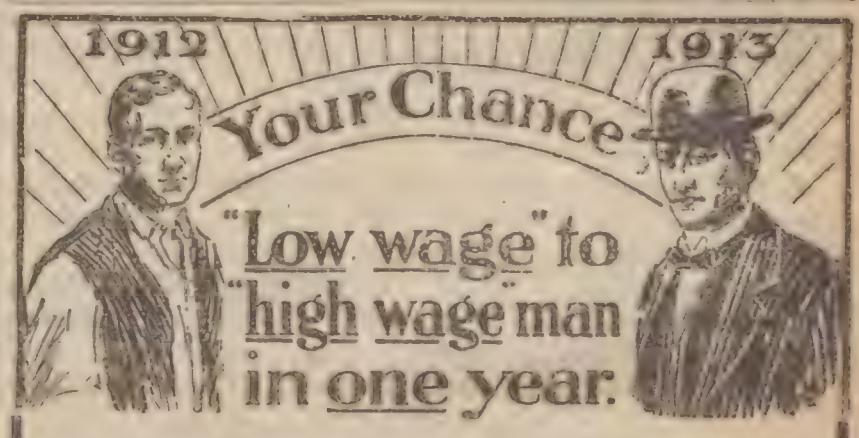
The view from the plain showed many a peak, but here was none.

So, standing on the brow of the hill where it fell away steeply below us, we leaned our weight on the wind and shouted from exhilaration.

What had been a strong wind below was an almost irresistible blow up here.

From far away on the dim horizon we watched the clouds tear up towards us; and watched, too, the dark blue patches that marked the spots where rain was lashing down to earth.

C. EASTON-GREY.



Resolve now to be a "high wage" man at the end of 1912. More—BE ONE. Get the I.C.S. home-study training that last year brought promotion to over 4,000 ambitious workers. Be like the one who wrote:

"Since enrolling with your schools I have risen from Shop Labourer to Shop Foreman, and my salary has increased by over 200 per cent." HERBERT J. JONES, Masterton, N.Z.

YOU CAN DO IT. No matter what your occupation, your working hours, your financial position or ambition may be. And your I.C.S. training will involve no restrictions, no class attendance, no work interference. All books are free in this fireside way to big wages and work success. You'll see your chance if you send the coupon, for free information, **NOW.**

Don't let 1912 be another dragging year—get on. You make the first step to success if you post the free coupon at once.

"The way to Better Pay is the I.C.S. way"
—over 100,000 I.C.S. students affirm it *is* so.

"MORE MONEY" Coupon

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.,

Dept. 168/X, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify to enter, or to obtain a larger salary in, the occupation or profession **before** which I have marked **X** (or in the one stated here.....)

—Mechanical Engineering	—Architecture
—Electrical Engineering	—Analytical Chemistry
—Mining Engineering	—Book-keeping and Business Training
—Civil Engineering	
—Marine Engineering	—Modern Languages
—Aviation —Motor	—Civil Service
—Window-Dressing	—University and Professional Preliminary Exams.
—Machine Shop Practice	

Over 150 Courses in all.

Name .....

Address .....

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

"COUNTRY BOY" (Plymouth).—The surest way to attract birds to your garden during winter is to have a large pan of water always full and to keep the ice on it broken during hard weather.

F. J. (Doncaster).—There is no one writing hunting novels to-day. You must fall back on Surtees and Whyte-Melville until a new author comes along to do justice to the modern hunting-field.

C. R. H. (Birmingham).—You can buy old numbers of art periodicals at most bookshops and stalls. The periodicals contain many fine engravings well worth framing for your diggings.

ARTHUR F. (Macclesfield).—There are thousands of men wandering about homeless and without boots through not leading from five or more trumps at whist.

B. B. (Oldham).—A soldier promoted quartermaster or riding-master is given a commission as such, with honorary rank as lieutenant. A quartermaster holding honorary rank as captain would be senior to all fully commissioned lieutenants, but junior to all captains, except other honorary ones, who rank among themselves, according to date of appointment.

J. M. L. (Belfast).—When bicycling, riding, or driving, keep to the left, passing any person or conveyance overtaken on the right. Tramcars, however, may be passed on either side.

"HALF BUTT" (Plymouth).—The two last players in a game of pool cannot "star."

G. O. (Finchley).—If your silk hat is past its youth, use motor spirit to it. You will find it act like a charm. Apply sparingly with a silk handkerchief.

W. D. (Cambridge).—There is no tobacco grown in Egypt; the peculiar excellence of Egyptian cigarettes is obtained by blending various growths of the Turkish leaf, those from Yenidjé, Cavalla, and Latakia having distinctive flavours and perfumes.

"DUNCAN" (Edinburgh).—The Army Football Association is affiliated to the Football Association, but to all intents and purposes has "home rule." A soldier while serving with the colours may play for a professional club, but only as an amateur.

E. A. D. (Brixton).—Inglis is pronounced Ingels, with the accent on the "Ing."

C. S. (Bristol).—A working-man may be a member of a Rugby club, but must not be employed by it as a workman, e.g., a carpenter employed building a grand stand for a club could not play for it while so employed.

"MANGLED" (Norwich).—We do not know of any cure for the "grip of iron" fiend except a straight left to the "point."

H. C. R. (Merton).—Always precede a lady over a stile or any other obstacle.

"AMBITIOUS" (Birmingham).—We believe that the usual fee for a course of training as an aviator is £100, payable strictly in advance.

D. S. (Halifax).—The Russia leather perfume so appreciated here is obtained by dressing the hide with birch-bark oil. In the land of the Tsar, where every peasant uses this method, the coarse and pungent smell is by no means appreciated by the polite. The oil is a great preservative.

T. J. S. (Bradford).—The "dentist" who made a mess of your mouth, being an unregistered man, cannot legally recover fees for professional attendance, but he can sue you for the value of goods supplied.

"NOVICE" (Margate).—The "penalty" for doing a hole in one stroke is a bottle of whisky or its value to your caddie.

S. M. (Hastings).—A player cannot demand a benefit as a right. Bonuses for success in the Cup or League competitions are also given at the directors' option.

G. R. F. (Llandudno).—We don't think that Mr. Peter Keary, author of "Get On, or Get Out," and other immortal works, has lately written anything more. For heaven's sake let sleeping dogs lie.

D. N. B. (New Brompton).—In cutting at cards the ace usually ranks lowest.

A. R. (Grimsby), **C. S. H.** (Loughborough), **G. J.** (Worthing), **J. P. F.** (Preston), **T. M.** (Cricklewood), **O. L.** (Harwich), **E. B.** (Weston-super-Mare), **W. W. R.** (Sydney), **E. A. C.** (Leeds), **J. K.** (Guildford), **W. F.** (Dundee).—We thank you.

RESULT OF OUR SECOND RECOMMENDATION SCHEME.

We have pleasure in printing the names and addresses of those readers who have secured the awards in connection with Our Second Recommendation Scheme.

The bicycle goes to Mr. P. THOMAS, 104, Jeffcock Road, Wolverhampton, who sent 301 recommendation forms.

A course of lessons in Physical Culture, by Messrs. Maxick and Saldo, has been awarded to each of the following: Messrs. J. STURROCK, care of Mrs. Graham, Ramsay Place, Broughty Ferry, Scotland; S. CRONKSHAW, 5, Queen's Place, Minnie Terrace, Blackburn; and H. THOMAS, Grocery Stores, High Street, Honiton, Devon.

A high-class gun-metal watch has been presented to Messrs. M. BELSHAW, 11, Kildare Street, Farnworth, near Bolton, Lancs.; A. E. WRIGHT, 9, Birchfield Road, Aston, Birmingham; C. NETTLESHIP, 377, Woodboro' Road, Mapperley, Nottingham; C. WALLIS, 5, Oakland Street, Hyson Green, Nottingham; R. BALM, 32, Broad Oak Street, Corporation Road, Nottingham; and J. BAINES, 22, Cross Street, Morecambe, Lancs.

A Laddiz cap is awarded to Messrs. J. A. PEEVES, 27, Portland Road, South Norwood, S.E.; J. PERVER, 18, Sloane Gardens, Chelsea, S.W.; D. M. MURRAY, c/o Mrs. Morrison, 63, Kirkland Street, off City Road, Glasgow; F. BATE, 69, Cooper Street, St. Helens, Lancashire; H. C. CLARKE, 52, Hawley Road, Kentish Town, N.W.; C. MAJOR, 70, Alexandra Road, Pontycymmer, Bridgend.

The following are entitled to the free services of the National Tailoring and Repairing Co.: Messrs. J. NELSON, 289, Whelley, Wigan, Lancashire; E. O. LORD, Parkgate House, Berry Brow, Huddersfield; A. S. DOWNS, 38, Town Street, Armley, near Leeds; S. COULSON, 80, Aspinall Road, Brockley, S.E.; A. KENNELL, 86, Sandwell Road, West Bromwich, Staffs; F. KING, 2, Glebe Place, Hawick.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

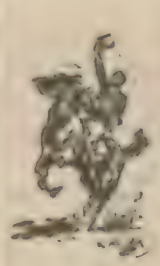
The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge ..	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18 ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.



The League Badge Actual Size.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE CHANGE

By R. D. CROMBIE.

He was standing by the window of the sitting-room reading the newspaper, when she came in with the tray bearing the breakfast. He did not look up, and she had to remind him after a while that breakfast was ready.

He took his place at the table silently, laying the paper on his knee where he could occasionally glance at it, and for a time no word was spoken, his manner, indeed, providing no encouragement to talk.

Nevertheless she knew that he was intensely conscious of her presence. He was thinking of her while pretending to be occupied with his eating. His reserve was deliberate. It had developed and become acute within the last few weeks. She did not know the reason why. She had asked him over and over again what possibly could be the explanation of it. Appeals to him only resulted in an outburst of irritation. If she persisted in her cross-examination his impatience gave way to anger. They had been married but three months, but she was forced to admit that she knew him less now than in the happier and more hopeful period before.

Was it that there was some secret on his mind? . . .

She accompanied him out into the hall and brushed his coat while he reached for his hat and stick. He did not meet her eyes, and it was clear to see that he was in a state of repressed ill-temper.

"Shall you be home at the usual time to-night?" she asked him in a voice which, despite her will, failed her a little.

"Yes, I suppose so," he snapped. "Good morning," and, kissing her perfunctorily, he hurried out and closed the gate behind him with a bang, striding off towards the station without once looking back.

She returned to their little sitting-room and watched him through the window, her lips quivering, her eyes slowly filling with tears.

There was something she particularly wanted to tell him . . . but she could not . . . while he treated her like that.

* * * * * * *

She said to him one evening:

"Won't you tell me what is the matter with you?"

"There's nothing the matter with me," he answered—as he had often answered before.

"But . . . are you worried over anything? Is there anything wrong at the office? . . . or perhaps money trouble?"

"What do you mean by 'money trouble'? I don't owe a farthing beyond what you know of. And there's nothing the matter. Can't you take my word for it?"

"You treat me so differently. Are you ill? I don't want to upset you, but can't you see I'd rather bear anything than have this . . . this coldness between us?"

"I'm as well as you are!" he answered savagely. "Leave me alone!"

But it is not an injunction that a woman finds easy to obey.

"Is it something that *I* have done?" she asked him, after trying to curb her emotion.

"No," he said.

"It must be. I—I——" she gave way to tears.

"It's nothing that you've *done*," he said impatiently, with a stress on the final word which made her lift up her head.

"You mean—because of what I *am*?"

He was silent.

"You mean—you're disappointed—I'm not up to what you expected—you're tired of me?"

"It's no good telling lies about it," he said. "Nor," he added, "is there any necessity to magnify the matter into a tragedy. It isn't exactly that I'm tired of you; we don't get on together as well as I thought we should; that's all. Lots of married people find out the same, I expect. But they grin and bear it, the same as we shall have to do."

"You mean—you're sorry you married me?"

He did not reply, but he stirred a trifle restlessly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as though with a sharp stab of pain. "To think that you should talk to me like this! *You?*

"*O—h!*" she sobbed, utterly giving way.

And the more she cried, the more morosely he watched her. He felt that in some unfair way she was making him out a bigger brute than he had intended. She dried her eyes at length, staring at the havoc which his admittance had wrought.

"It can't be right," she whispered. "There must be some other reason . . . something we've both overlooked. Think of living together all the years of our life, not loving each other . . . "

"I've thought of it," he said, and got to his feet with a hard, unpleasant laugh. "We shall patch up some sort of working compromise, I suppose, like other people do."

"Oh," she said, "after three months . . . "

He went out, hating himself for not being able to lie to her or love her better.

* * * * * * *

When he learned the news which ultimately she had to tell him, he did his level best to treat her more tenderly; but for some reason she made him more impatient than ever.

* * * * * * *

There came a day when a telephone message summoned him hastily from the office; and he arrived home to find himself totally superfluous and the worried looker-on of many mysterious comings and goings.

Night fell. He passed the time in the garden, went for a walk, returned, hung about.

He stared up at the lighted window, imagining, wondering . . . afraid in his heart, praying in his soul. . . .

He saw his wife before morning broke; was allowed to go in just for a minute because she had so persistently asked for him.

He thought she had never looked so beautiful, with her dewy eyes and wondrously youthful look, like a flower which has just bloomed. Something brought him to his knees by her bedside, with choking throat and tears blinding his sight.

"My dear," he said.

"My husband," she murmured, passing a caressing hand over his hair.

* * * * * * *

A month later, discussions as to *his* nomenclature, argument over which parent *he* most resembles, admiration of *his* "points." There is not even remembrance of former dissension.

"They're always queer and nervy for the first year," said the young mother's wise old cynical friend—not alluding to babies, but to that equally troublesome possession, a husband. "They think you should never be different. All they want you to do is to minister to their comfort, and they're satisfied then; and so should you be! As a matter of fact, they're jealous of the child even before they know it's going to be born!"

"Not afterwards, though," corrected the young mother.

"Not afterwards—because they think it's *theirs*, then," said the cynical old woman with pity for man's ignorance.

THE SECRET OF BEING A BOSS.

The late Sir James C. Inglis, general manager of the Great Western Railway, was fond of telling this story of his early days.

As a young engineer with Messrs. Norman, Copeland, and Co., he was given the job of installing a new engine at an oilworks.

The engine had to be conveyed by road. As temporary foreman Mr. Inglis had with him, a rough, uneducated Irishman, whose true position was that of "ganger." About half-way there a breakdown occurred, and Mr. Inglis found that in spite of his book knowledge the situation was beyond him.

The unlearned ganger, however, came to the rescue, and again when there was a hitch in the actual installation.

In the end Mr. Inglis was highly complimented by his firm on the successful way in which he had carried out the job, and, as he used to say, "I then learned the secret of being a boss—let somebody else do the work while you take the credit."

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE STRAPPED GREAT COAT.

No fashion, at least for men, can be said to be one worth following that has not its origin in some solid basis of usefulness. At the present moment there is a very prevalent fancy for a strapped great coat. The strap is about twelve inches long and two or three inches wide, and it is fastened to the back of the coat much in the same way as straps are attached to military cloaks.

In the case of many great coats the strap is fixed to the coat at both ends, and is not provided with a button and buttonhole by means of which it can be let out. The strap holds together a heavy pleat or two in the back and skirts of the coat. Now, if these extra folds of the coat could be let out and drawn round the wearer while sitting still, or travelling, there would be every reason for the presence of the strap, but in its present state of fixity this cannot be done, and the strap becomes merely an ornament.

It may appear to some to be such, and to others it may seem a somewhat unnecessary adjunct to a great coat. I confess to a certain prejudice against this fixed strap solely on the ground of its uselessness.

If a great coat is built very full round the skirts and back, it needs a strap to hold the fullness away from the legs while walking, but to have a coat built with this fullness and then to have the strap fastened so that the fullness is useless as extra cover for the wearer when wanted, does not seem to be a method warranted by common sense.

Nevertheless, I am prepared to admit that on a very well cut coat it has a smartish appearance on well-set-up men.

WAISTCOAT TROUBLES.

Your tailor will tell you that the perfect fitting of what he will call the "vest" of a suit is always a very difficult matter. The reason for this is that the vest is usually built to fit only one attitude—the erect, slightly stiff attitude a man unconsciously assumes when he is undergoing the ordeal of measurement.

The vest, of course, fits more or less like a glove, so that when one is off guard and either stoops or leans forward when sitting, it is liable to be forced into a shape for which it was not cut. When this happens the wearer will inevitably feel some discomfort.

Another difficulty in the fitting of the waistcoat arises from the fact that the garment covers the chest, which is a more or less rigid part of the frame, and also the upper part of the belly, which is not always in perfect alignment with the chest, and is, of course, much less rigid. Wrinkles in the lower part of the waistcoat frequently arise from this cause.

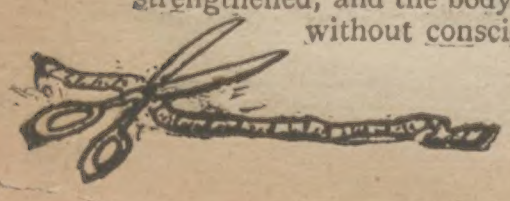
It is advisable to watch the waistcoat closely during the first fortnight's wear, and to consult with your tailor if it shows signs of getting dragged.

The strap at the back is a snare and a delusion. It only enables one to tighten or loosen round a small circle; the entire garment cannot be adjusted by it.

BEFORE BEING MEASURED.

An admirable bit of advice given to me once by a tailor, who was also an artist and a scientist at his work, might be followed with advantage by every man. Briefly, his advice was that one should make a point, for a few weeks before being measured for a suit, of going through some course of physical exercises, chiefly for the arms, chest, and neck.

This, as he pointed out, and as every man will at once recognise, will have the effect of pulling the frame together and giving it a finer outline. The slack muscles are strengthened, and the body will assume a more erect position without conscious exertion.



MERITS OF THE LADDIZ CAP

Perfect ventilation = prevents loss of hair.
Perfect fit = smart appearance.
No pressure on head = absolute comfort.
Fits firmly = cannot blow off.

Send for one at once, as they are sure to please!

Prices—2/6, 3/6, 4/6 (post free).

Send size and colour, enclosing P.O., to the manufacturers—

J. HOLDEN & CO, 32, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

THE CLOTHES HOSPITAL

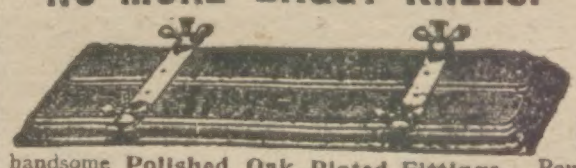
is the NATIONAL TAILORING AND REPAIRING CO., they have been established since 1900, and are the largest and leading REPAIRING TAILORS in the United Kingdom.

3/6 buys a NEW LIFE For that old SUIT or OVERCOAT 3/6

If your suit or overcoat is wrinkled or shabby from wear, send it to us with a Postal Order for 3s. 6d.
It will be CLEANED, REPAIRED, and TAILOR-PRESSED by our wonderful new process, and you will receive it within three days, looking like a brand new suit or overcoat.
Our work is not a dry-cleaning process. It is exclusively a tailoring service carried out by expert tailors.
You must see an old suit or overcoat after being treated by our unique method, the result will surprise you. We have no need to publish testimonials, although we are able to show you many hundreds.
Send us a trial order and let us convince you what we can do.
Pack up your clothes, and in three days you will be glad that you have acted on our advice.
Carriage paid one way. Repairs and Alterations of every description.

The National Tailoring and Repairing Co.
144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.
Telephone—North 260 (2 lines). Established 1900.

NO MORE BAGGY KNEES.



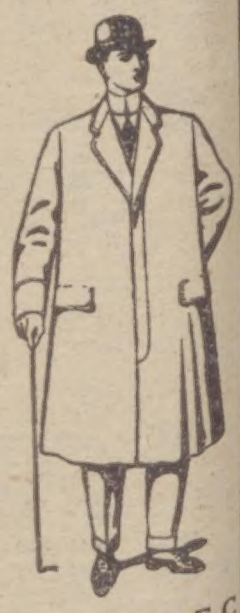
Price 5/9 Carriage paid.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.
I Save you 50%. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome Polished Oak, Plated Fittings. Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pairs. GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. 7 days' approval. Money returned if not satisfied. *Send for Illustrated List Free.*

H. CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

A RARE COMBINATION,

The finest Scotch and English materials, the most expert London cutters and tailors, and the best Bond Street styles. That is the great combination of goods, brains, skill and art that makes McKinley Tailoring supreme. Buy your Winter Overcoat or Suit from us and you will discover what clothes comfort really means. Also you will save money, for our prices compare most favourably with those of other firms.



OVERCOATS (to measure) - 25/- to 45/-
SUITS (to measure) - - 30/- to 50/-
BREECHES - - - 10/6 to 25/-
Carriage Paid. No Extras.

We return your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.

WRITE TO-DAY for our "Booklet MM." and our splendid range of Autumn and Winter Samples. They will be sent to you free together with copies of unsolicited testimonials from all parts of the world, Fashion Plates, Tape Measure, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor.

We guarantee perfection of Fit, Style, & Workmanship.

Write or call—

C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists,
Tailoring Dept., 7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

When answering Advertisements, please mention "The Modern Man."

It is when a man consciously braces himself at the moment of being measured that he overdoes it as a rule, and when he first puts on his new suit, he finds that it has not been cut for him as he is at normal times.

By preparing for the new suit with well-chosen exercises one can make certain that when the suit is worn it will not merely "fit where it touches," but that it will express the wearer's individuality. That is the highest aim of the tailor.

SOBER SOCKS.

There seems to be a reversion at last to less startling socks than were recently the rage. This is all to the good, for a man with a brilliant spot at the bottom of each trouser-leg needed to be most careful in the rest of his dress if the scheme was not to be spoiled.

When a man ventures into colours in any other direction than his ties, he is on perilous ground, and as often as not he comes to grief.

The cause of this is often beyond his control. Only the fortunate minority of men buy all their clothes at one time, and are thus able to pay attention to the colour scheme. Most of us buy a suit one month, ties the next, and socks at some other time, and it is ten to one that different colours will claim our fancy at different times, and when these things are worn together, the result is often discord, and worse.

MORNING COATS AND SOFT HATS.

The question is often asked whether a soft "Trilby" style hat can be worn with a morning coat. Strictly speaking, the two are incompatible. Moreover, only about one man in a hundred, and a man of a certain type, can wear them together without looking somewhat singular. The type of man who can wear the two together is the tall man who affects very light kinds of cloth, and of a somewhat "sporty" pattern—not by any means loud.

In hot weather, when almost any clothes are permissible when they make for coolness, either apparent or real, the morning coat suit of this type of cloth, and with this type of hat, looks fairly well; but as a general rule the one hat for the morning coat is the ceremonious topper.

SHIRT v. COLLAR.

Some one of an inventive mind has a chance of fortune, fame, and the gratitude of all wearers of the wing collar. This collar, by the way, holds its own with a small minority, but hardly seems to increase in favour against the very popular "up-and-down-all-round" variety.

The grievance of the wearer of the wing collar is that he cannot wear soft shirts with comfort. The collar-band of the soft shirt is seldom rigid enough to hold the wing collar in place, and the consequence is an ugly gape under the chin of the wearer. If a soft shirt could be invented that would stop this difficulty, there would be joy among all wing collar wearers and a big sale for the shirts.

WHEN TO MEND BOOTS.

If men would only anticipate the hole that is sure to appear in the soles of their boots by a month or so, and send the boots to the cobbler in good time, boots would last much longer. It is throwing away a large part of the value of boots to wait until they clearly, undoubtedly, urgently want mending.

By the time a hole has been worn in a boot, or by the time a heel has been worn to a sharp slope, the boot has been partially ruined. There is nothing like a worn-down heel to drag a boot out of shape, to twist the sole, and turn up the toe.

It is always easy to see when a boot sole is getting thin. There is no need to wait until that tiny hole, just a mere crack, appears. When they are still whole send them to the cobbler. He will, in the first place, put more care and better leather into a pair of boots that are still new-looking. It pays him to do so. Then the boots themselves will carry a good sole better than if they have gone all to pieces before being mended.

Worn-out boots can, at best, only be bodged up with a shapeless, clumsy "sole and heel." Often when they have been allowed to get very far out of repair the insides are ruined, and when they return from the cobbler the exterior may be presentable, but the interior may be all rags and turned-up edges of leather that make it impossible to wear them without discomfort, if not pain. A stitch in time saves a good deal in boots.

Great Success Of Our Fountain Pen Offer.

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS HAVE NOW BEEN MADE TO SUPPLY ALL ORDERS AT ONCE.

So great has been the demand for THE MODERN MAN Gold-pointed Fountain Pen, that at first we were quite unable to fill all the orders with the promptness we should have desired.

We have now laid in a gigantic stock of these wonderful Pens, however, and shall in future be able to supply all our readers immediately on receipt of their applications.

Send for a Pen to-day. You will be delighted with it.

"THE MODERN MAN" Half-Guinea Fountain Pen

with 14-carat solid gold nib will be sent post free to any address for

1/-

and 12 Pen Coupons.

(One of these coupons appears on page 514.)

Description of our Pen.

¶ The nib is made of 14-carat solid gold, and ball-pointed.

¶ The ink is supplied by a twin-feed, with spiral attachment.

¶ The body of the pen is of the finest black vulcanite, handsomely chased.

¶ It is packed in a special box, with glass filler and full directions.

POCKET CLIP TO FIX THE PEN SECURELY IN THE VEST POCKET PRESENTED ABSOLUTELY FREE.

HOW TO SECURE ONE OF THESE PENS.

On page 514 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

Most Amazing Offer Made!

Every Reader of "Modern Man" may at once secure a pair of Sandow's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells Free for Seven Days' Trial.

No money to pay. Simply send the Coupon.

For a whole week, without any cost to yourself, without the need of parting with a penny, you may enjoy the strength and health-giving value of Mr. Sandow's Wonderful Invention, the Sandow Spring-Grip Dumb-Bell, which helps you to gain not only greater strength, but more-finely-developed physical proportions. Their use entails no violent exertion, they may be adapted for use by women and children as well as the sturdiest man.

It is only necessary to fill in and forward the coupon below as directed to at once receive a pair of the famous Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells for **seven days' free home trial.** There is nothing to pay. Simply send the coupon, and the Dumb-Bells are at once posted, carriage paid, to your door.

With each pair of Dumb-Bells is sent Two Charts of Exercises, one showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, the other showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, woman or girl, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information, by following which every reader can not only prove his or her strength and general physique, but likewise safeguard and improve the health.

These charts have been carefully prepared by Mr Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb Bells, and are obtainable alone with this health and strength-giving invention.

You need not keep the Dumb-Bells after seven days unless you wish, but if, after using these Dumb-Bells **for Seven Days Free,** you decide to keep them, send us deposit of 2/6, and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2/6 per month, which only means the small sum of ONE PENNY PER DAY.

The few minutes' exercise daily with the splendid apparatus will give you health, strength, and stamina. They will give to woman fuller grace of figure, encouraging beauty of form; to men greater dignity and distinction, and to both a splendid feeling of well-being and virility. Exercise with the Dumb-Bells, which should be a regular process by every member of the family for at least five minutes per day, quickly develops the muscles of the arms, deepens and strengthens the chest; whilst exercises are also included for developing the leg muscles and improving the general physique so that you may keep strong, healthy, and happy.

There is nothing to pay to secure the Dumb-Bells at once, and their use daily will prove a real delight. Send the coupon and you will receive a pair of the Dumb-Bells by return of post. It is only necessary to send *now.*

Room 39, Sandow Hall, Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....191 .

Gentlemen,—Please send me one pair of your Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

FREE TRIAL.

Signed..... *Age*.....

Address.....

.....

Please Cross out Sizes not required.

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors, THE MODERN MAN, LTD., by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. *Sole Agents for Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc.